

John W. W. W. W.
September 1, 2007

A Commemorative Issue of
TIME
The Weekly Newsmagazine
Written and Edited
in Celebration of
The Bicentennial of
The United States of America
July 4, 1776

SPECIAL 1776 ISSUE

TIME



Thomas
Jefferson

INDEPENDENCE!

ONE DOLLAR

JULY 4, 1776



Come to
Marlboro

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74



A cowboy wearing a red shirt and a dark cowboy hat is riding a dark horse across a grassy field. The background features rolling hills and a sky with soft, pinkish clouds, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is peaceful and expansive.

Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

In 1918 we made the only Frigidaire refrigerator.



We still do.

When we introduced the Frigidaire refrigerator 57 years ago, everybody was happy about our invention, including the iceman's wife.

Needless to say, the iceman wasn't delirious.

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We didn't think that was right, because even though many manufacturers made refrigerators, we didn't believe anybody made one with our same, high quality standards.

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Antique Frigidaire refrigerators from decades ago can still be found in a number of homes. And they're not standing there as nostalgic memories.

They're working away still keeping the milk and the soda and the butter and the eggs fresh while turning out the ice cubes.

We built them to last. We still do, so that they'll always be healthy, hearty and strong members of your family.



Frigidaire. Home Environment Division of General Motors

ABOUT THIS ISSUE:

One summer day in his 80th year, ex-President John Adams wrote to his old friend and former rival, Thomas Jefferson. "Who shall write the history of the American Revolution?" Adams asked. "Who will ever be able to write it?" Answered Jefferson: "Nobody; except merely its external facts . . . The life and soul of history must for ever be unknown . . ."

Historians cannot quite accept that judgment, and neither can journalists. This issue is an attempt to reconstruct, with the tools of both history and journalism, and in our distinctive newsmagazine format, at least part of the life and soul of the events that gave birth to our nation. As one of TIME's contributions to the Bicentennial celebration, we began over a year ago to plan an issue devoted to the news in those sultry first days of July 1776, written and edited more or less as it would have been if TIME had existed in those days. Under the supervision of Senior Editor Otto Friedrich, a team of 14 researchers set to work poring through archives, letters, diaries and contemporary newspapers, seeking the myriad colorful details that would have been sought by a good reporter transplanted into the 18th century. As the research accumulated—a mountain of some 1,600 pages, over 50 percent more than the amount filed by our correspondents for a regular issue—a dozen writers were assigned to apply, figuratively, their quill pens. Scholarly judgment and historical guidance were provided by Robert A. Rutland of the University of Virginia, editor of the Madison papers.

Trying to move TIME two centuries back presented problems. A typical one: how to explain what 18th century money was worth. Answer: the 1776 dollar, which meant either the Spanish silver dollar or Continental paper redeemable in Spanish silver, would be worth, on the basis of new U.S. Commerce Department figures, about eleven of today's dollars, and the pound sterling about 50 dollars.

We were able to retain most of our usual department headings, with some obvious omissions (Television, Cinema). Apart from these, the Law section was left out because law and lawyers had burst the bounds of the legal profession and were making news in all the great political events of the moment.

No issue of TIME is confined entirely to one week's news. Background and trends leading up to the present must be included, and so it is in this case. But we are not attempting to deal with the whole Revolution. The Battle of Bunker Hill is old news by now, and Valley Forge is yet to come. Here are the other main ground rules we established:

► We held our presses until Tuesday, July 9, so we could report that day's proclamation of the Declaration of Independence—which Congress had voted the previous Thursday—in front of George Washington and his troops in New York. Any event that happened after that, we could not have known, but we made use of later documents in which actors in the drama of 1776 wrote their recollections.

► News traveled slowly in 1776—the American victory at Fort Sullivan on June 28, for example, was not reported in Philadelphia until July 19. But we assumed that there was a way of getting distant American news into print within a week of the event. For overseas news, we allowed a month.

► We did not try to write in 18th century style or to follow the day's usage—David Hume, for example, complained of such neologisms as "colonize" and "unshakable." We did try, however, to avoid glaring anachronisms.

► Most of our pictures are from the 18th century. In some cases, when no illustrations of some key scene or figure existed, we assigned artists to produce them specially for this issue. Since there is no known Jefferson portrait earlier than 1786, for example, we showed Charles Willson Peale's 1791 portrait to Illustrator Louis Glanzman and asked him to use it as a model for the younger man on our cover. James Wyeth's similarly commissioned painting appears on page 6. And on a few occasions we accepted a chronological lapse: the Trumbull painting of Jefferson before Congress (page 5) was painted in 1787 and contains inaccuracies, but so many Amer-

icans have seen the replica in the Capitol that it has become an image of the era.

This 1776 issue has been a very entertaining and immensely stimulating project for us, and we hope that it will be the same for our readers. But we also hope that it will be far more. At a time when Americans are questioning the very meaning of their nation's basic beliefs, it is refreshing and reassuring to return to our origins, to our fundamental values, and to try to illuminate how earlier Americans saw the world and their place in it. Above all, it is fascinating to see how they dealt with issues that still confront us today. "Taking a retrospective view of what is passed," said George Mason, author of the Virginia declaration of rights, "we seem to have been treading upon enchanted ground."

Henry A. Grunwald

TIME

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AMERICAN NOTES

Tyrant Transmuted

Apparently all things will have their uses in this war, even a statue of scepter-wielding, toga-robed King George III. The 2-ton equestrian figure of gold-leafed lead was installed at New York's Bowling Green just six years ago to symbolize a "deep sense of the eminent and singular benefits received from him." This week, after the Declaration of Independence was officially read to the populace on the Common in the presence of General George Washington, a huge crowd surged down Broad Way to wreak vengeance on the statue. Having drunk plenty of rum and ale, the crowd first pulled the royal horse from its pedestal, then hacked off the King's head, fired a musket shot into it, pounded away the nose and pried off the laurel wreath. With fife and drums playing *The Rogue's March*, the crowd carried off the mangled head, which eventually disappeared. The carcass is to be cut up and shipped to Connecticut, where patriotic women plan to melt the lead down into ammunition. Estimated result: more than 42,000 bullets with which to drive out the fallen King's lobsterbacks.

The Last Governor

England and her colonies (now to be known as states) have come to a parting, but not everything need end in bloodshed and hatred. That was well demonstrated by Maryland's Governor Robert Eden, who stayed at his post long after his fellow Governors had fled. For his safety, he relied primarily on the af-

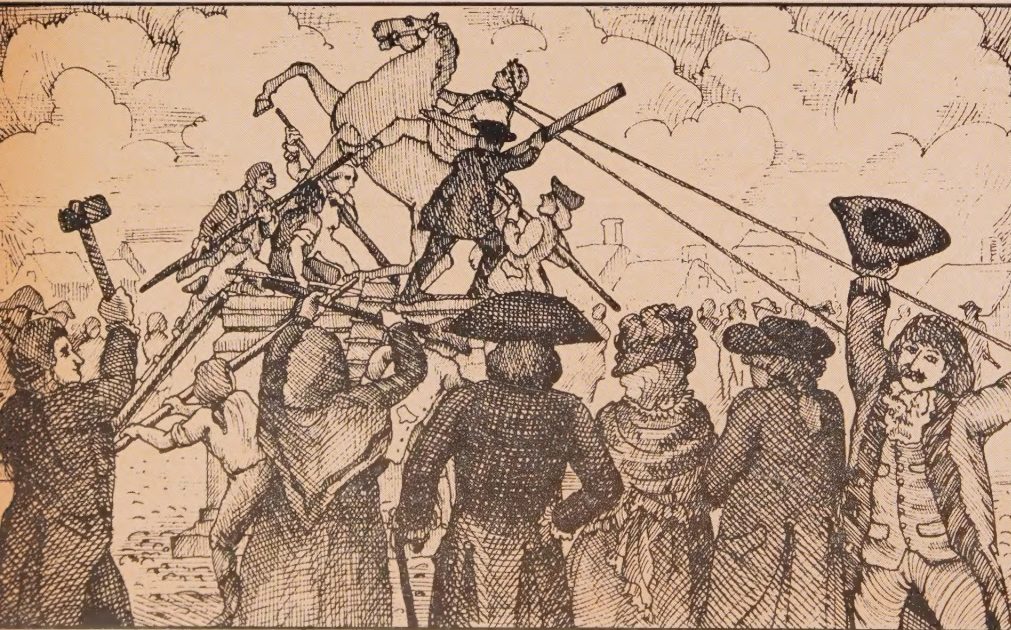
fection he had earned during his seven years in office. He had traveled widely throughout Maryland, entertained handsomely,* organized the building of a theatre, and consistently tried to reconcile London and the Colonies. This enraged General Charles Lee, Continental commander for the southern region, who demanded last month that the Maryland Council "get rid of their damn'd government." The Baltimore Committee of Observation sent a band of men to kidnap Eden, but the Annapolis authorities repelled them. Only in May did the Maryland State Convention finally request that Eden "depart peaceably with all his effects." Eden agreed. A fortnight ago, the entire Annapolis Council of Safety went to take what one witness called "an affectionate leave of their late supreme magistrate." As he boarded a British warship, the citizenry presented him with several sheep, lambs and baby hogs. His well-wishers hoped he would return "whenever we shall happily be restored to peace."

A Vote for Every Man?

As the 13 states continue working out a series of new constitutions, they seem to hold widely differing views on a fundamental question: Who shall vote? Most states restrict the franchise to adult white males, but North Carolina permits Negro freeholders to vote, and New Jersey does not specifically ban women (although no women have actually voted there). Maryland excludes

*The Governor's love of comfort hardly exceeds that of his predecessor, Horatio Sharpe, whose mansion, Whitehall, contains the only water closet in the Colonies.

ADAPTED FOR TIME BY ISADORE SELTZER



NEW YORK CROWD TAKING VENGEANCE ON STATUE OF KING GEORGE III
They chopped off the monarch's head and then shot at it.

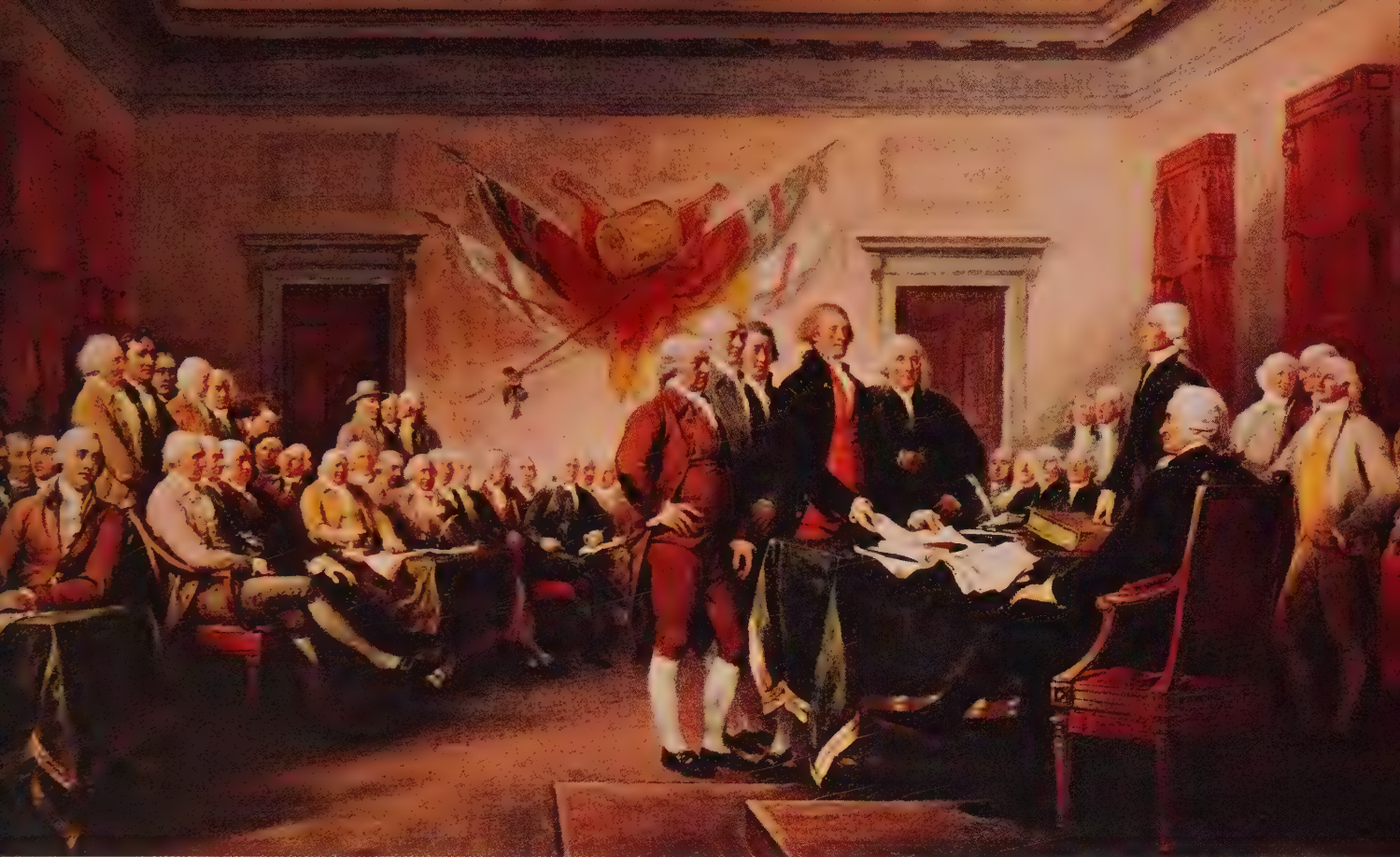
all "Papists," the original settlers, who are now only 8 percent of the population, while New York also has passed a resolution to bar Jews (a tiny group numbering only about 250). Among the most important restrictions are the property requirements that exist in twelve states, ranging from Georgia's rule that a voter must own 50 acres to South Carolina's granting a vote to anyone who has paid 10 shillings in taxes.

Such restrictions have a notable effect. According to recent figures, only about 8 percent of New York's citizens are eligible to vote, and only 3 percent of Bostonians actually do vote. But while the arguments for a limited franchise may seem self-evident in a Europe that is ridden with paupers, it is far less justifiable among the prosperous citizens of America. Indeed, the slogan "No taxation without representation" can reasonably be applied to American legislatures as well as to Parliament. And there are signs that an increasing number of people realize it. New Hampshire, which used to require £50 worth of property, now demands only that every voter be a taxpayer, male, white and 21. This is a change that should be encouraged. For as Benjamin Franklin has said, "the franchise is the common right of free men."

Beyond the Wilderness

It is customary for Americans to think of this continent mainly in terms of the Atlantic settlements and the wilderness to the west, but another process of settlement is also taking place on the distant coast of the Pacific. Just the week before last, a weary band of 193 Spanish colonists and their families arrived at a large bay on the coast and pitched their tents. This sixth and northernmost Spanish installation in Upper California is on what the Spaniards have named the Bay of San Francisco.

The colonists, who come from earlier settlements in Mexico, include both soldiers and priests; their plan is not just to subdue the Indians but to convert them to Catholicism. This is not always successful. Only last November a band of Indians attacked the mission at San Diego and killed three settlers. At the Bay of San Francisco, however, Missionary Father Francisco Palóu reports that the colonists so far have been "well received by all the heathen whom we met. They brought their gifts of mussels and wild seeds, which were reciprocated with beads . . . And they were astonished at the cattle, which they had never seen before." Apparently it is chiefly the Spaniards' missionary fervor that drives them into these wilds, for there is no gold in California, and by most accounts it is a rough and desolate place, hardly worth settling at all.



JOHN TRUMBULL'S VERSION OF PHILADELPHIA SCENE: JEFFERSON & COMMITTEE PRESENT DECLARATION TO HANCOCK

YALE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY

THE DECLARATION/COVER STORY

INDEPENDENCE:

The Birth of a New America

At 6 o'clock last Tuesday morning in Philadelphia, Virginia Delegate Thomas Jefferson looked out at the gray sky and then noted that his thermometer registered 70°. Soon afterward, there came a crack of lightning and a sudden deluge. By 9 o'clock, the city was awash. Nearly 50 delegates to the Second Continental Congress slowly filled the ground-floor meeting room of the State House on Walnut Street. They conversed quietly but kept a watchful eye on everyone who came through the door. The room steamed. The only consolation in keeping the windows closed against rain was that they also excluded the horseflies from a nearby stable.

The day before, a preliminary vote on Virginian Richard Henry Lee's resolution for independence showed nine of the colonies in favor, two (South Carolina and Pennsylvania) opposed, New York abstaining and Delaware deadlocked. To decide such momentous business—cutting much of a continent and its 2.5 million inhabitants free from the British Empire—the Congress hoped for virtual unanimity. Anything less might poison the enterprise with disunity. Hence the delegates' anxiety on the morning of July 2.

A rumor passed through the hall

that Pennsylvania would come over. South Carolina's Edward Rutledge entered smiling—his colony, too, would vote for independence. New York's men still awaited instructions from home, but they would not dissent. That left only Delaware stalemated—one delegate in favor, one opposed, and one back home on business. Bostonian John Hancock, President of the Congress, rapped his gavel. Secretary Charles Thomson began rereading the resolution aloud prior to a vote.

Then over the cobblestones outside came a rattle of horse's hoofs. Soaking wet and mud-splattered, his face gray with fatigue, Delaware's third delegate, Farmer Caesar Rodney, had ridden all night from Dover after an express rider informed him of his colony's stalemate. He wore a green silk handkerchief, now nearly black with road dirt, to cover the lower part of his face, which is afflicted by a cancer. "The thunder and rain delayed me," Rodney said matter-of-factly as he entered the hall.

There, without dissent, the disparate colonies of America at last took the step

that severed their 169-year-old political ties with the mother country, proclaiming that they "are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." Independence—the process as painful and bloody as birth—represents a unique historic experiment, a visionary gamble that a various people can literally will themselves into a separate political being on a new continent. Boston's John Adams is already predicting exultantly: "The second day of July 1776 will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America."

Although independence had been months, even years, in coming, the week's events seemed startling in their sudden finality. July 2 declared the fact of separation. In another two days, on July 4, the Congress endorsed an extraordinary document, a Declaration that stated the Colonies' numerous reasons for leaving the imperial embrace. That date and that document may eventually loom larger in the American mind than what happened on July 2, for the Declaration,

written by Jefferson, endows the revolt with a philosophical foundation and justification.

All this week, however, Americans will be celebrating the fact of independence and not the reasons for it. After the public reading of the Declaration, Philadelphians sounded their church bells all day and night. Battalions marched to the State House yard. Muskets cracked a *feu de joie*. Early this week the news had traveled only as far as New York and Dover, Delaware; it will probably not reach Georgia before August. In Dover, the Committee of Safety (see page 24) presided over a ceremonial burning of a portrait of George III. Said the committee's president: "Thus we destroy even the shadow of that King who refused to reign over a free people." In small towns like Easton, Pennsylvania, crowds gathered at local courthouses and greeted a reading of the Declaration with three loud huzzas. John Adams wrote to Maryland's Samuel Chase: "You will see by this post that the river is passed and the bridge cut away."

So it was. But the Americans come to independence with divergent interests

and reasons: the fishermen, shipbuilders and merchants of New England, the traders and small farmers of the Middle Colonies, the planters and farmers of the south. The newly united states stretch 1,300 miles from Massachusetts' rocky Maine coast to the sand hills of Georgia. Sometimes regional differences, suspicions and hostilities among the colonies have been stronger than the antagonisms between England and the new continent. The celebrated old drawing depicting the colonies as separate segments of a serpent's body is hardly an exaggeration.

Two weeks ago, South Carolina's Rutledge wrote privately of his dismay at the New Englanders' "overruling influence in council—their low cunning, and those levelling principles which men without character and without fortune in general possess." Virginia's Carter Braxton worried similarly about the "democratical" tendencies of New Englanders. Some men in the north, meantime, scorn the southerners for their dependence on slave labor. In all sections, there persists a powerful streak of Toryism. In the Con-

gress itself are men like Pennsylvania's John Dickinson, who, though not a Tory, held out for reconciliation with England, arguing that the break was unnecessary, or at least too sudden.

But the time had come. In the 15 months since Lexington and Concord, the colonial psychology has changed profoundly. Radicals like Boston's Samuel Adams and other revolutionary leaders played a canny waiting game, delaying the call for outright independence until popular sentiment clearly swung away from King George and reconciliation. The radicals declared until nearly the last moment that the Colonists wanted only their rights within the British Empire, thus denying the Tories the chance to brand them as extremists who were misleading the people. Counseled Sam Adams: "Wait till the fruit is ripe before we gather it."

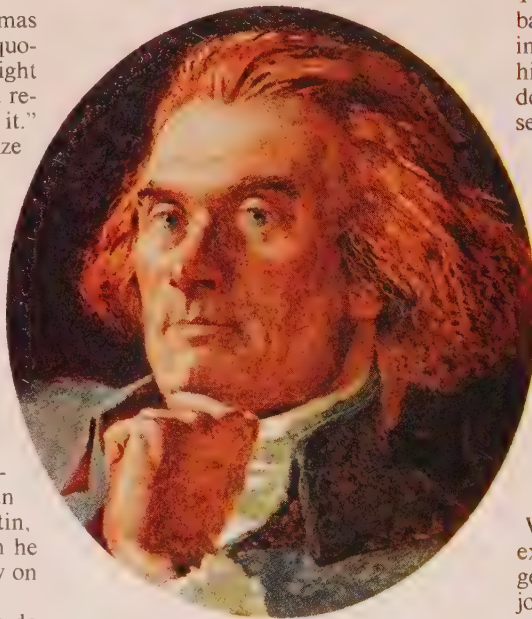
Events have worked a revolution in the American mind long before the formal break; they have called a new hierarchy of loyalties into being. The American invasion of Canada last fall (see page 18) produced two political effects: 1) because of the idealistic rhetoric that Congress used to describe the

The Man from Monticello

In his commonplace book, Thomas Jefferson has included a favorite quotation from Euripides: "For with slight efforts, how should one obtain great results? It is foolish even to desire it." Those few words aptly characterize Jefferson himself. He has never done anything lightly or halfheartedly, and all his life the young author of the Declaration of Independence has made great efforts to obtain great results.

A native Virginian, Jefferson, 33, shares with other wealthy tobacco planters a love of good food, good wine and fast horses. Unlike most of his neighbors in the Piedmont or Tidewater, however, Jefferson has been a lifelong student of natural philosophy and the arts, a man who reads easily in Greek, Latin, French and Italian, and who, when he can, still practices three hours a day on the violin.

Jefferson comes from a well-to-do but not rich family with important political and social connections. His father, Peter Jefferson, who was known for his great physical strength, made his own way as a planter. When he died two decades ago, he left about 7,500 acres and more than 60 slaves, to be equally divided between Thomas and his younger brother Randolph, and generous dowries for his six daughters. Jefferson's mother, Jane, who died only last March, was a Randolph, and thus a member of one of the colony's first families.



JAMES WYETH'S JEFFERSON

Freckled, red-haired Tom Jefferson was originally tutored, along with his older sisters and Randolph cousins, in a one-room building on the Randolph estate. When he was nine, he began studying Greek, Latin and French, and at 14 he luckily fell under the tutelage of an excellent classicist, the Reverend James Maury. Even at that early age, this somewhat aloof intellectual was what he himself calls "a hard student,"

and his long hours and rigid self-discipline are legendary among his friends. Today, winter as well as summer, bathes his feet in cold water every morning, a regimen he credits with making him impervious to colds and agues. He does occasionally suffer, however, from severe headaches.

When he was 17, Jefferson entered college at William and Mary in Williamsburg, capital of the colony. His principal teacher, a Scot named William Small, imparted to the youth his own searching cast of mind as well as a thorough grounding in natural philosophy and mathematics. The invaluable Small also introduced his student to two other figures whose influence still marks him: Francis Fauquier, a humane, generous, formidably erate man who was then Virginia's acting Royal Governor, and George Wythe, a Williamsburg lawyer and expert classicist. The four often dined together at the Governor's Palace and enjoyed the musicales there, Jefferson himself participating on the violin. The older men, drawn by the grace and intellect of the country youth, helped shape his manners while they discussed theories of Isaac Newton or John Locke.

After college, Jefferson began study of law with Wythe, moving frequently, as he acquired his own practice between Williamsburg and his family estate at Shadwell, 90 miles to the northwest. At 21 he came into his inheritance and in 1769 he began work on his country estate, four miles from Shadwell, which is still uncompleted and which he d-



COURTESY PICTURES

DELAWARE'S CAESAR RODNEY

enterprise, liberty took on, to American ears, strong and even official overtones that it had not previously possessed; 2) the British decided that the Americans were obviously incendiaries who must be stopped. In January, Thomas Paine's *Common Sense* (see THE PRESS) issued a loud, clear call for independence, condemning George III as "the greatest enemy this continent hath."

So fervent was Paine's message and so swift its circulation that by the beginning of March, Congress found itself behind the people. It hurried to catch up. On March 3, it sent Connecticut Delegate Silas Deane to France to negotiate for military aid; on the 14th, it voted to disarm all Loyalists; on the 19th, it authorized privateers to intercept British merchantmen; on the 26th, it placed an embargo on exports to Britain and the British West Indies. On April 6, it opened ports of trade to all nations except Britain. By May 10, John Adams was writing to James Warren, president of Massachusetts' Provincial Congress, "Every post and every day rolls in upon us, independence like a torrent."

Since February, rumors have floated that Britain was sending commissioners

to America to negotiate a reconciliation. An influential Pennsylvanian, and now George Washington's adjutant general, Joseph Reed, wrote to his chief: "To tell you the truth, my dear Sir, I am infinitely more afraid of these commissioners than of their generals and armies. If their propositions are plausible, and behaviour artful, I am apprehensive they will divide us." (As is now believed, Admiral Lord Howe may have got from King George a commission to negotiate; see page 22.)

By mid-April, Elder Statesman Benjamin Franklin advised a friend: "Nothing seems wanting but that 'general consent.' The novelty of the thing [independence] deters some, the doubts of success, others, the vain hope of reconciliation, many. But our enemies take continually every proper measure to remove these obstacles, and their endeavors are attended with success, since every day furnishes us with new causes of increasing enmity, and new reasons for wishing an eternal separation."

Throughout the spring, the colonies' legislatures adapted themselves to once

Monticello, the Italian for "little mountain." (Its elevation is only 500 feet, but it provides a view of 20 miles to the Blue Ridge Mountains.)

With a love of classical architecture inspired by his study of Italian Architect Andrea Palladio, Jefferson began designing the house himself, sketching perfectly symmetrical octagonal wings extending from a central section. It will make an admirable setting for one of the most notable private libraries in the Colonies (more than 1,200 volumes).

A methodical, almost obsessively orderly man, Jefferson has long kept a garden book in which he jots down when the flowers bloom at Monticello and when they die, as well as various account books in which even the smallest expenditure and receipt are entered. More recently, he has begun a farm book to record his plantings and crops, and in another ledger he has started recording each day's temperature. Last week, on the day his Declaration was accepted, he observed not only that the temperature was 68° at 6 o'clock in the morning but that it was 72¼° at 9, 76° at 1 in the afternoon and 73½° at 9 that night.

A tall man (6 feet 2 inches), but not particularly handsome, Jefferson married relatively late, at 28. His wife, lovely, musical Martha Wayles Skelton, was the widow of his college friend Bathurst Skelton. According to the family story—he himself is reticent about his private life—Jefferson apparently misjudged the traveling time and arrived with his new bride at Monticello in the snow late one night. Only a one-room

building for his use was completed at the time, and the servants had all gone to bed, leaving no fires burning. Despite that inauspicious beginning, the Jeffersons appear unusually contented. They have one daughter, Martha, 4 (a second daughter died this year at two), and Mrs. Jefferson is thought to be expecting another child early next year. Jefferson, who used to love to travel about with his black servant Jupiter at his side, now tries to avoid any duty that calls him away from Monticello for long.

At that he has been notably unsuccessful. In 1768, the year before he began work on the Monticello property, Jefferson was elected to a seat in Virginia's House of Burgesses. He is a shy man who has always avoided open debate

—he also has a frail voice and occasionally stammers. But his facile pen and broad intellectual background soon made him an important advocate of American resistance to Parliament. His best-known work until now was his *A Summary View of the Rights of British America*, a pamphlet of 23 pages that appeared in 1774 and passionately attacked Britain for its intransigence toward the Colonies, particularly the closing of the port of Boston. He wrote that Americans' "own blood was spilt in acquiring lands for their settlement . . . For themselves they fought, for themselves they conquered, and for themselves alone they have right to hold." Last week, two years later, that idea was adopted by all the Colonies.



THOMAS JEFFERSON MEMORIAL FOUNDATION

JEFFERSON SKETCH OF HOME

Editing the Declaration

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE underwent numerous changes, mostly minor but some major, before Congress approved it last week. The editing process is illustrated in key excerpts. The words that are crossed out and replaced in roman type are alterations made after Thomas Jefferson consulted with John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. The bracketed words were cut and the italicized words were added by the Congress.

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one ^{to} dissolve the political bands which have connected them with ^a people to ^{advance from that subordination in which they} another, and to ^{have hitherto remained, & to assume among the powers of the} earth the ^{separate and equal} ~~equal & independent~~ station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to ^{the separation.} ~~the change.~~ ^{self-evident;}

"We hold these truths to be ^{they are endowed} ~~sacred & undeniable~~; that all men are created equal ^{from that equal} ~~& independent~~; that by their creator with ^{certain} ~~equal rights, some of which are~~ creation they derive in ^{rights; that these} ~~rights~~ ^{among which} ~~are the preservation of life, liberty, & the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these~~ ^{rights} ~~ends, govern-~~ments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government ^s ~~shall~~ become ^{destructive of these ends, it is the} ~~destructive of these ends, it is the~~ right of the people to alter or to abolish it. . ."

The Declaration then lists 27 specific charges against King George III. Among the most important:

"he has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good: . . .

"he has dissolved, Representative houses repeatedly [&

continually], for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people: . . .

"he has [suffered] *obstructed* the administration of justice ^{states} [totally to cease in some of these ^{colonies}]. . .

"he has made [our] judges dependent on his will alone. . .

"he has kept among us in times of peace standing armies [& ^{without the consent of our legislatures:} ships of war] [^]

"he has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their ^{acts of} ~~pretended acts of~~ legislation. . . for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world; for imposing taxes on us without our consent; for depriving us *in many cases* of the benefits of trial by jury. . ."

The Declaration concludes:

"We therefore the representatives of the United states of America in General Congress assembled *appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions*, do, in the name & by authority of the good people of these [states, reject & renounce all allegiance & subjection to the kings of Great Britain . . . & finally we do assert & declare these colonies to be free & independent states,] *colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United colonies are, and of right ought to be, free & independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown . . . & that as free & independent states they shall hereafter* ^{full} have ^{power} ~~power~~ to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, & to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, *with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence*, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes & our sacred honour."

*This word was changed — to "unalienable" — apparently by the first printer, John Dunlap of Philadelphia.

A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for ^{one} people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to ~~advance from that subordination in which they have hitherto remained, & to~~ ^{assume among the powers of the earth the ^{separate and equal} ~~equal & independent~~ station to}

traitorous ideas. South Carolina and Georgia considered direct assertions of independence, but held back. North Carolina broke the dam when its Provincial Congress empowered its delegates in Philadelphia "to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independence."

The proprietary colonies (Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, where the heirs of William Penn and Lord Baltimore still control vast tracts of land received from the Crown) delayed. Pennsylvania's James Wilson argued before the Congress: "Before we are prepared to build the new house, why should we pull down the old one, and expose ourselves to all the inclemencies of the season?" But on May 15, at the suggestion of John Adams, the Congress recommended that the colonies form new governments "where no government sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs has been hitherto established." John Adams wrote at the end of the month: "The Middle Colonies have never tasted the bitter cup; they have never smarted, and are therefore a little cooler . . . The proprietary governments are not only encumbered with a large body of Quakers, but are embarrassed by a proprietary interest; both together clog their operations a little."

Also in May, Congress received copies of the treaties by which George had hired more than 12,000 Hessian mercenaries for his American war. The event was decisive. Redcoats were one thing, but hired Germans, professionals fighting for pay, destroyed in many American minds the vestiges of loyalty to the King.

Thus the last act began. Virginia, the continent's most populous colony, precipitated it. The 112 members of its convention in Williamsburg voted unanimously on May 15 "that the delegates appointed to represent this colony in General Congress be instructed to propose to that respectable body to declare the United Colonies free and independent states . . ." With that, Virginia set about establishing an independent state government and adopting a bill of rights.

On June 7 Richard Henry Lee rose and made a motion to the Congress: "Resolved, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; and that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

Consideration was postponed until the 8th, then until the 10th, when congressional moderates succeeded in having the question postponed until July 1. But on June 11, the Congress appointed "a committee to prepare a declaration to the effect of the said resolution." Its members: Thomas Jefferson, 33, John Adams, 40, Benjamin Franklin, 70, Connecticut Lawyer and Merchant Roger

The Signer

The man who put his bold signature at the bottom of the Declaration of Independence is one of the richest men in the Colonies and one of those most adored by the crowds. He is also one of the vainest. Unsatisfied by his largely ceremonial post as President of the Continental Congress, John Hancock of Massachusetts yearned to be Commander of the Continental Army. When General Washington was named instead, one witness noted a "sudden and striking change of countenance—mortification and resentment." Offered the chairmanship of Congress's Marine Committee, Hancock is now trying to make sure that the most lavishly outfitted ship being built for the new Navy is the 32-gun frigate *Hancock*.

He was born in relative poverty, the son of an unassuming parson who died when the boy was seven. He was thereupon adopted by his childless uncle Thomas, a Gargantuan export-import trader (tea, codfish, whale oil) who had built the first mansion on Beacon Hill. Uncle Thomas put young Hancock through Harvard, class of '54, and then eight years in the counting room of the House of Hancock. When Thomas Hancock died, he left his 27-year-old nephew a fortune of £80,000, the largest in New England.

Status and radicalism are not at all contradictory in Boston. At the Merchants Club, Hancock drank and debated with Attorney James Otis Jr., who first argued in court in 1761 against the constitutionality of general search warrants known as writs of assistance (John Adams believes that "American independence was then and there born"). At a Masonic lodge, Hancock encountered both Otis and Samuel Adams, an inept businessman but master polemicist and organizer of the Sons of Liberty. These three soon became leaders in the resistance to the Stamp Act. Declared Hancock: "I will not be a slave. I have a right to the liberties and privileges of the English Constitution."

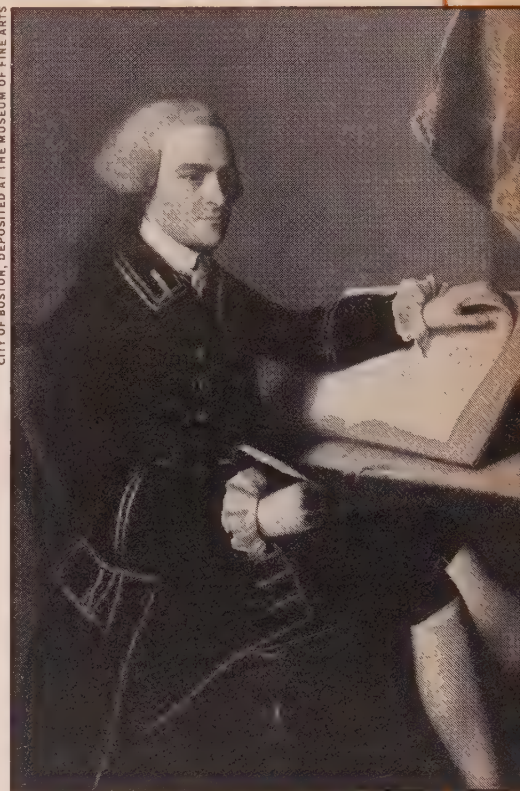
Hancock's wealth paid for the enthusiasm of the waterfront bravos who rallied round the Rebel leaders. On one occasion, he provided £1,000 for the care and feeding of the mob. In 1766 Hancock won a seat in the state legislature as the protégé of Samuel Adams, who had been elected the previous year (Otis had been there since 1761). From then on, his political star kept rising.

In 1770 came the so-called Boston Massacre, possibly instigated by Samuel Adams, and Hancock headed the citizens' committee that persuaded Acting Governor Thomas Hutchinson to remove most troops from Boston. Yet in 1772 Hancock was made captain of the Independent Company of Cadets, also

known as the "Governor's Own." He outfitted himself and his men with bright new uniforms, and he liked to appear on horseback at the head of his troop on the King's birthday. Then, on the fourth anniversary of the Boston Massacre, he publicly denounced the British with Ciceronian fervor: "Ye dark, designing knaves; ye murderers, parricides! How dare you tread upon the earth which has drank in the blood of slaughtered innocence?"

As the public idol of the most radical state, Hancock was easily elected President of the Congress (after his predecessor, Peyton Randolph, decided to return to Virginia). Although the job involves mostly paper work, Hancock has

CITY OF BOSTON. DEPOSITED AT THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS



COPLEY'S PORTRAIT OF HANCOCK
"Ye murderers!"

often served skillfully in mediating differences among the delegations. With similar skill, he conducted a long and arduous courtship of the very social Dorothy Quincy, whom he married last August during the congressional recess.

The Declaration of Independence is a triumph not only for Hancock but for the whole Boston delegation; yet their triumph is shadowed by the absence of James Otis. Accused of treason by the British customs commissioners in 1769, he publicly denounced them as liars. One of them attacked him with a cutlass and delivered such a severe blow to the head that Otis has since lost his reason. He was awarded £2,000 in damages, but has never successfully resumed his career. He now lives in retirement, with intermittent spells of insanity.

Chronology of Independence



1763 Feb. 10. After nine years of intermittent fighting along American borders, French and Indian War ends. France cedes all claims on Canada to Britain, as well as Louisiana territories east of the Mississippi. Victorious Britain nonetheless has added £100 million to its national debt.

1765 March 22. British Parliament, hoping to raise £60,000 per year, passes Stamp Act requiring payment for revenue stamps on all newspapers, pamphlets, almanacs, legal documents, playing cards and dice. Sons of Liberty clubs formed in Boston and elsewhere to resist Stamp Act.

Oct. 7-25. Delegates from nine colonies meet as Stamp Act Congress in New York City, protesting against taxation without representation, and resolve not

to import any goods that require payment of duty.

1766 March 18. Stamp Act repealed.

1767 June 29. Townshend Revenue Act (named after Chancellor of the Exchequer Charles Townshend) requires colonists to pay import duties on tea, glass, paints, oil, lead and paper. Expected revenue: £40,000 per year.

1768 Feb. 11. Massachusetts legislature asks other colonies to join in resisting Townshend duties. British threaten to dissolve any legislature that answers call. On May 16, 1769, Virginia House of Burgesses issues resolutions rejecting Parliament's right to tax colonies. Virginia Governor dissolves Burgesses, but members meet privately to declare boycott on dutiable goods.

1770 March 5. Confrontation between Boston waterfront crowd and British sol-

diers. Five in crowd are killed. Samuel Adams, Paul Revere and other patriotic radicals denounce the troops for "Massacre."

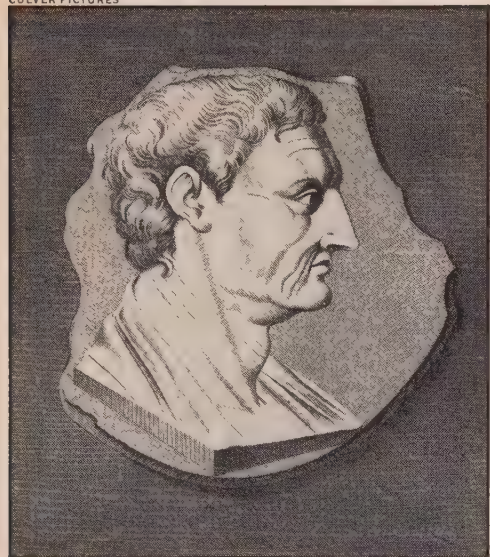
April 12. Townshend Act repealed, except for tax on tea, symbolic of Parliament's insistence on right to impose taxes.

1773 May 10. King approves Tea Act to save the East India Company from bankruptcy. New law authorizes reimbursement of English duty paid on company's tea shipments to America, thus allowing company to undersell many American tea merchants.

Dec. 16. Boston radicals stage "Tea Party" by dressing up as Indians, boarding British ships and throwing 342 chests of tea overboard.

1774 March 31. King approves first of parliamentary reprisals known as "Intolerable Acts." To punish Boston for Tea Party, the port is to be closed until colonial authorities pay £18,000 for destroyed tea. Later measures include ban on any public meetings without Govern-

CULVER PICTURES



FOREBEARS: ARISTOTLE...

Sherman, 55, and New York Lawyer Robert R. Livingston, 29.

In some ways, it was an accident of politics that the young Jefferson came to write the Declaration. According to one story, Jefferson urged the task on John Adams, the brilliant, truculent Boston lawyer who had proved himself the ablest debater of the revolutionary cause. By this account, Adams demurred on grounds that he was personally "obnoxious" to many members of Congress, that a Virginian should write the document since Virginia had first moved for independence, and that, in any case, Jefferson was the superior writer.

The story is plausible. Although no one in Congress argued the case for separation better than Adams, his very zeal

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... ST. THOMAS AQUINAS ...

and bull-necked honesty did indeed make him obnoxious to many. Besides, the men from Massachusetts, being so far advanced in their enthusiasm, have been wise enough to adopt the habit of deferring to Virginia. As one of the more acute delegates explained it to Adams two years ago: "You must be very cautious ... You must not pretend to take the lead. You know Virginia is the most populous state in the Union. They are very proud. They think they have a right to take the lead."

As for Jefferson's writing talents, he proved them two years ago in *A Summary View of the Rights of British America*—a trenchant and almost bellicose pamphlet reviewing the history of America in the British Empire. Some

BRITISH MUSEUM



... AND JOHN LOCKE

say, however, that Jefferson was only named to the committee as part of a compromise, after John Adams had nearly choked on the idea of working with Virginia's Benjamin Harrison, who was comparatively lukewarm to independence.

Jefferson is a formidably learned man with a meticulous and graceful mind (see page 6). The tall, red-haired Virginian was elected a delegate to Congress last year—when just 32 and only recently a father—and he first appeared in Philadelphia riding in a phaeton and accompanied by two black servants. John Adams may have regretted Jefferson's silence during debate, but he found him so quick in smaller councils that he was charmed. The two have formed

nor's approval and a requirement that British troops be housed in private dwellings wherever necessary.

May 17. Rhode Island issues first call for a colonial Congress, soon echoed by Pennsylvania and New York.

Sept. 5. First Continental Congress meets in Philadelphia for nearly two months and issues a declaration of ten "rights," including "life, liberty and property," and "a right peaceably to assemble . . . and petition the King."

1775 March 23. Patrick Henry, Virginia's foremost orator, denounces British rule by declaring, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

April 18-19. British send force of 700 regulars out from Boston to seize arms cache in Concord. Clash with Minutemen on Lexington Green, then are turned back at Concord's North Bridge. Estimated casualties: American, 95; British, 272.

May 10. Colonel Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys attack Fort Ticonderoga and seize gateway to Lake Champlain and water route to Canada.

May 10. Second Continental Congress meets in Philadelphia.

May 18. Congress urges colonies to put their militia in state of preparedness.

June 15. Congress appoints George Washington commander of Continental troops.

June 17. Colonial forces driven from Breed's Hill, near Boston's Bunker Hill, but inflict casualties of 1,150.

Aug. 23. George III proclaims Americans have "proceeded to open and avowed Rebellion."

Oct. 13. Congress authorizes acquisition of first Continental naval warships.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1. American General Richard Montgomery and Colonel Benedict Arnold join in attack on Quebec and are routed. Montgomery killed.

1776 Jan. 1. British forces burn Virginia port of Norfolk.

Jan. 10. Thomas Paine publishes *Common Sense*, first important demand for complete independence.

March 17. British General Sir William Howe evacuates besieged Boston and sails for Halifax to await reinforcements.

March 26. South Carolina creates its own constitution, foreshadowing independent governments in colonies.

May 15. Congress recommends that all colonies establish their own governments "sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs."

June 7. Richard Henry Lee of Virginia offers Congress a resolution that the Colonies "are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." Resolution is generally opposed, but Congress resolves to try again.

June 11. Thomas Jefferson elected to committee to produce a Declaration of Independence, and soon starts writing a draft.

July 1. "Preliminary" vote approves Lee's resolution by 9 to 2 with 1 abstention (and Delaware unable to break its tie).

July 2. Independence voted by 12 to 0 (New York still abstaining).

July 4. Declaration of Independence approved "without one dissenting colony," signed by Congress President John Hancock and ordered "proclaimed in each of the united states."

an extraordinary partnership: Adams arguing the case for independence in the day-to-day clutches of debate, and Jefferson formulating the argument in private and on paper.

When Jefferson returned to crowded Philadelphia last month, he was impressed anew with the bustle of the Colonies' largest city (population about 40,000). To get some quiet, he took lodgings in the new three-story house of a bricklayer named Jacob Graff, at the corner of Market and Seventh streets. Jefferson has the second floor—a bedroom and parlor with stairs and a passageway between them. Rent: 35 shillings a week. He dines out.

Between June 11 and 28, Jefferson labored over the Declaration, writing on a portable writing box that he himself designed. The document that he produced—later amended slightly by the rest of the drafting committee and further altered by the Congress itself—combines solemnly elevated thought with artful political stratagem. Its philosophy is not novel, nor did Jefferson intend it to be. The same general ideas, most completely developed by English Philosopher John Locke, have been a kind of political gospel in the Colonies for some years. Jefferson intended to state the common American sense, not to invent political theory—an exercise that would have been inappropriate anyway, since the Declaration was to be, as nearly as possible, what he calls "an expression of the American mind."

Jefferson began on a note of grave courtesy and lofty historical purpose: "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have

connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation."

Thus at the outset, Jefferson stated, or implied, the major assumptions on which separation is based. First, that the Americans are "one people" dissolving political ties with another. They are not British subjects in open revolt against

their own government but already a distinct entity unto themselves; independence is not sedition but something like the dissolving of a partnership, under the rules of the social compact by which people originally instituted their political structures.

Jefferson specified the political aspects of natural law in the Declaration's stately second paragraph: "We hold these truths to be self-evident [Jefferson first wrote "sacred and undeniable," a phrase later changed]; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by

PHILADELPHIA'S STATE HOUSE, WHERE THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS MEETS



their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." To secure these rights, Jefferson went on, men establish governments which derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." And when any government becomes destructive of the safety and happiness of the people, "it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government."

In its emphasis on the idea that legitimate power must be "just power," the Declaration thus states a people's right to dissolve any government that has become tyrannical. In great measure, this idea draws upon the examples of Great Britain's own revolutions of 1642 and 1688—which included the execution and exiling of kings—and beyond that, upon a vast background of sometimes bloody tradition in which Englishmen asserted their rights against the authority of their rulers.

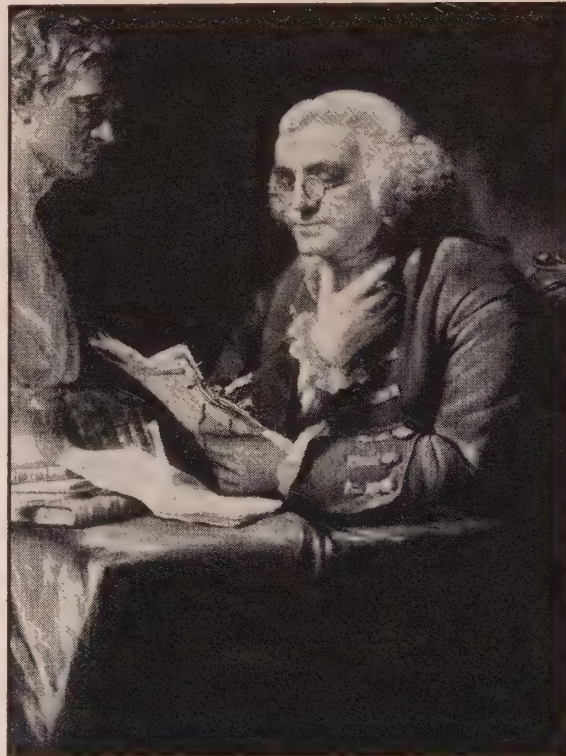
Aside from its political origins, the philosophical roots of the Declaration are deep and varied. Even though Jefferson says, "I turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it," the document reflects such classical ideas as Aristotle's perception of an unchangeable natural law pertaining to all men, and the Stoics' even more explicit assertion of a natural law knowable by men and thus capable of directing them, as rational and social animals, toward perfection. Such ideas took Christian form in the minds of teachers like St. Thomas Aquinas, who accepted from classical writers the concept that there is "an inclination in man to the good, according to the rational nature which is proper to him; as, for example, man has a natural inclination to know the truth about God, and to live in society." Some mysteries of heaven remained in the province of faith, but reason could bear on others and was of prime use to illuminate the mysteries of the world. And in Sir Isaac Newton's subsequent work, the next step was obvious: the entire universe is susceptible to rational inquiry.

At the end of the Middle Ages, when feudalism had bound lord to vassal as well as vassal to lord, apologists for the ever mightier monarchs of Europe increasingly used "right reason" to interpret God's will as a mandate for the divine right of kings—a sacred and descending chain of authority. In 1680, Sir Robert Filmer's *Patriarcha*

or the *Natural Power of Kings* expressed this idea according to a metaphor of relative power: "Kings are as absolute as Adam over the creatures." A king, thought Filmer, rules his people as a father rules his children. In 1681, the writer James Tyrrell, a friend of Locke's, replied in *Patriarcha non Monarcha* that on the contrary, a king is as much under the law as are his subjects: all are bound by the social compact.

That formulation was crucial; it signified at least the intellectual end of the era epitomized by King Louis XIV of France: "*L'état, c'est moi.*" Locke carried Tyrrell's idea much farther in his *Two Treatises of Government*, written partly as a refutation of Filmer and published just after the revolution in 1688.

WHITE HOUSE COLLECTION



DRAFTING COMMITTEEMAN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
He told a story about a hatter and a sign.

In the *Second Treatise*, Locke based all political theory upon a rationally ordered universe. The thought was not impiously secular but in fact was the reverse—a conception of human order deriving entirely from the infinite and infinitely discoverable mind of God. Yet, in effect, Locke burdened man's intelligence with an absolute freedom that implies absolute responsibility.

Studying the nature of man, Locke wrote, leads to the discovery of what God has willed governments to be. "The state of nature," he said, "has a law to govern it, which obliges everyone: and reason, which is that law, teaches all mankind, who will but consult it, that being all equal and independent, no one ought to harm another in his life, health, liberty or possessions." (This grouping of life, liberty and material wealth is fundamental to Locke, who also declared

that "government has no other end but the preservation of property." Similar pronouncements have often appeared in the Colonies. "Life, liberty and property" were cited as "natural rights" by the Massachusetts Council in 1773 and the First Continental Congress in 1774. It was Jefferson himself who changed the familiar sequence to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and he has not given any reason for doing so.)

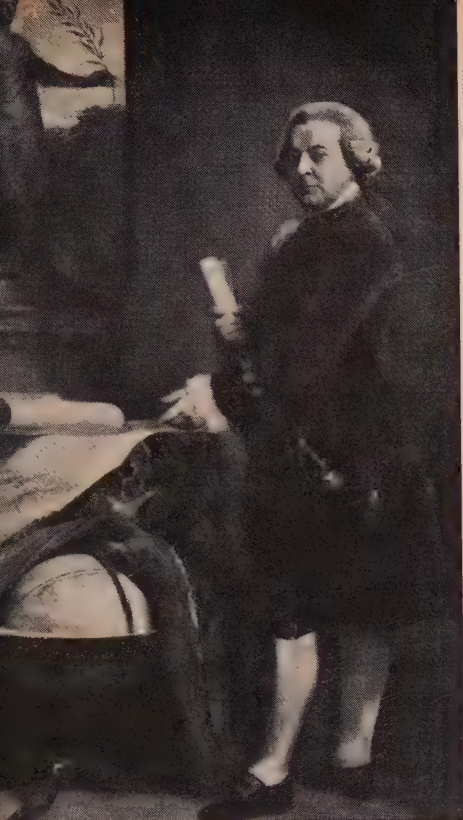
Since men form political compacts with which to govern themselves, when any ruler transgresses the laws of nature or reason, then the governed may dissolve the compact. "In transgressing the law of nature," Locke wrote, "the offender declares himself to live by another rule than that of reason and common equity, which is that measure God has set to the actions of men."

Although some of Jefferson's ideas can be traced back to European origins, Jefferson and his colleagues are also men of considerable experience in public affairs and the law. Their arguments are therefore based solidly on that American experience. As a matter of practical politics, the Colonists for the past decade directed their complaints against Parliament or the King's ministers, not against George himself. They attacked the Townshend Revenue Act, the so-called "Intolerable Acts" and other impositions as being the unconstitutional measures of a misguided Parliament, but not as the illegitimate usurpations of a ruler. In fact, the Colonists before 1764 enjoyed a freedom from parliamentary control that was denied to Englishmen at home. The English, for example, have long paid stamp taxes, against which the Americans rioted. In claiming extraordinary privileges, however, the Americans argued they were not properly represented in Parliament, and therefore Parliament had no right of control.

But now, Jefferson and Congress have fundamentally changed the argument. To make independence plausible, they have had to attack the authority of George himself, to demonstrate that royal as well as parliamentary abuses of the Colonies represent crimes sufficient to justify dissolving the social compact between King and Colonists.

Thus the lengthy middle section of the Declaration never mentions Parliament by name—a curious but absolutely necessary omission. Instead, it is a long litany of the King's offenses, made especially effective by relentless repetition:

"He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good . . . He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly and continually for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people . . . He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers . . . He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies without the



COPLEY'S PORTRAIT OF JOHN ADAMS
Was he obnoxious?

consent of our legislatures ... He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns and destroyed the lives of our people."

The list of 27 charges against King George is in some ways polemical and exaggerated. Its intent, however, is not a strict and balanced accuracy but a maximum political effect to justify the conclusion: "A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be a ruler of a free people." The case thus stated, the Declaration stirring ends with the words of Richard Henry Lee's June 7 resolution that the Colonies should be "free and independent."

Such at least is the document as finally endorsed by the Congress on July 4. Jefferson's draft went through a long editing process, although the document remains essentially his (see box page 8). First he submitted his rough draft to

Franklin, who made one or two minor changes and passed the document along to Adams, who made one of his two changes and then made a copy for himself. Jefferson took the draft back, revised it somewhat, submitted it again to Franklin and Adams, and finally laid it before the whole Committee of Five, which made no other changes. Jefferson then made a fair copy, and without further change it was presented to the Congress on June 28.

On July 2, after the vote for independence, Congress pushed on to consider the Declaration. The process continued for two more days, with Jefferson sitting nervously silent. For propriety's sake, he never rose to defend a word or thought in the document; John Adams undertook that task and argued the case against all critics. Sometimes, however, the critics proved victorious.

At the end of his long list of grievances, Jefferson, a slaveowner himself, inserted a somewhat illogical passage vitriolically accusing the King of abetting the slave trade and thus waging "cruel war against human nature itself and violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty." In deference to the delegates from South Carolina and Georgia, the passage was struck. In his complaint about foreign soldiers being used against the Colonies, Jefferson referred to "Scotch and other mercenaries," a phrase that angered one or two Scotsmen in the Congress. Thus "Scotch" was deleted from the Declaration.

The various changes on the whole improved the document by making it more austere and spare. Nonetheless, Jefferson's pride of authorship seems to have been wounded. After the Congress adjourned last week, he sent copies of his original document to several friends, patently assuming that they would see for themselves that it was superior to the one finally adopted. At one point during the session, the mellow Franklin attempted to console Jefferson by telling him an anecdote about a Philadelphia hatter named John Thompson who had a sign made for his shop that read: JOHN THOMPSON, HATTER, MAKES AND SELLS HATS FOR READY MONEY, with a picture of a hat underneath. But before

hanging the sign, Thompson showed it to friends, each of whom criticized some word or phrase ("Sells hats!" cried one. "Why nobody will expect you to give them away"). At last, said Franklin, the sign showed merely JOHN THOMPSON with the figure of a hat beneath his name.

Finally, on July 4, the Congress adopted the Declaration and ordered it "authenticated" and printed. As President of the Congress, John Hancock signed the Declaration, and the congressional secretary, Charles Thomson, attested to his signature. Oddly, no member of the drafting committee seems to have gone along to John Dunlap's shop to supervise the printing—which accounts, perhaps, for the caprices of punctuation, capitalization and spelling that occur in the printed document. On July 5 and 6, the Declaration was sent out to all the colonies, and one copy was inserted into the Congress's "rough" (secret) journal.

Thus last week the dangerous enterprise of American independence began. Besides Hancock, none of the members of Congress signed the Declaration—that will perhaps come later and may depend somewhat on the American fortunes in the war: if they sign, the members could be hanged for treason.

John Adams observed last week: "I am surprised at the suddenness as well as the greatness of this Revolution. Britain has been filled with folly, and America with wisdom, at least this is my judgment. Time will determine ... I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these states." Thomas Jefferson, too, understands the immense stakes of the American gamble. To him, "all eyes are open, or opening, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs." For all Americans, Jefferson wrote at the end of the Declaration, it is a matter of "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honour."

PHILADELPHIA PRINTER JOHN DUNLAP PRODUCED (AND EVEN TOUCHED UP) THE OFFICIAL TEXT OF THE NEW DECLARATION

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776. A DECLARATION BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, IN GENERAL CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

WHEN in the Course of human Events, it becomes necessary for one People to dissolve the Political Bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the Earth, the separate and equal Station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent Respect to the Opinions of Mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the Separation.

We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.—That to secure these Rights, Governments are

Coming Battle for New York

At 9 o'clock in the morning on the 29th of June, sentinels posted on the roof of the Kennedy House at No. 1 Broad Way suddenly noted warning signals fluttering on Staten Island. Major General Sir William Howe's invasion fleet, two weeks out of Halifax, had at last arrived in force at the entrance to New York's outer harbor.

For a time, as the fleet continued to gather near Sandy Hook, the city was calm. But on July 2, when British ships headed up the Narrows, New York was aroused. Soon, from St. Paul's Church at the city's northern edge to the Bowling Green, drummers began beating out the long ominous roll that calls soldiers to assembly. In the hazy heat, Continentals and militia, some in blue coats and buckskin breeches, some in brown hunting shirts, formed up, shouldered arms, then clattered over durable Dutch cobblestones to man sod redoubts recently thrown up at the foot of each major street leading to the harbor. At the Grand Battery, where Colonel Henry Knox, commander of Continental artillery, has set up a row of old and partly rusted cannon, sweating artillerymen stood to their pieces and peered southward across the waters. Alarm guns roared to alert northern batteries and fortifications in the woods along both east and west shores of the island. Major General Israel Putnam hastily ferried over from Manhattan to Long Island with 500 men to support Brigadier General Nathanael Greene's four regiments on fortified Brooklyn Heights. Here a line of redoubts and breastworks

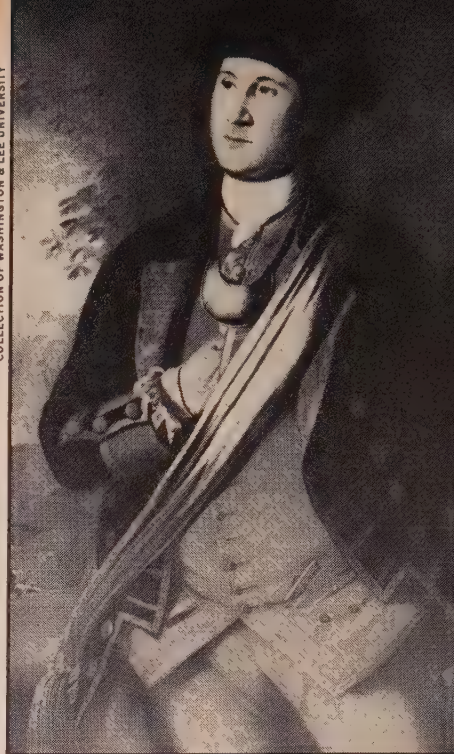
zigzags for some two miles between Gowanus Creek and Wallabout Bay.

It was soon clear, however, that after months of waiting, anxious New York citizens and soldiery faced more waiting still. As the British fleet came on, the lead ships, instead of continuing north for a quick assault on Manhattan, turned toward Staten Island. Clouds of canvas blossomed in the lower harbor—more frigates and transports (130 vessels carrying 9,300 troops) than anyone in the Colonies had ever before seen assembled. When at last the fleet was anchored and its sails were struck, the bare masts reminded one Continental soldier of a "wood of pine trees trimmed." Noted Private Daniel McCurtin of Maryland: "I thought all London was afloat."

New Yorkers watched helplessly from housetops and quays (spyglasses were in great demand) while General Howe took three leisurely and triumphant days to establish his armies on the green shores of Staten Island. Tents gradually dotted the countryside.

Loyalist crowds cheered General Howe when he came ashore, and his red-coated infantrymen soon found friends for themselves. A British officer commented cheerfully, "The fair nymphs of this isle are in wonderful tribulation . . . A girl cannot step into the bushes to pluck a rose without running the most imminent risk of being ravished." Staten Island's 400 militiamen, who had been called up by Washington to defend the island, grounded their muskets and

COLLECTION OF WASHINGTON & LEE UNIVERSITY



PEALE'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON
Are Americans slaves?

obligingly swore allegiance to the Crown. That oath was administered by New York's newly returned Royal Governor William Tryon, who had to spend recent months in the sanctuary of the British ship the *Duchess of Gordon*.

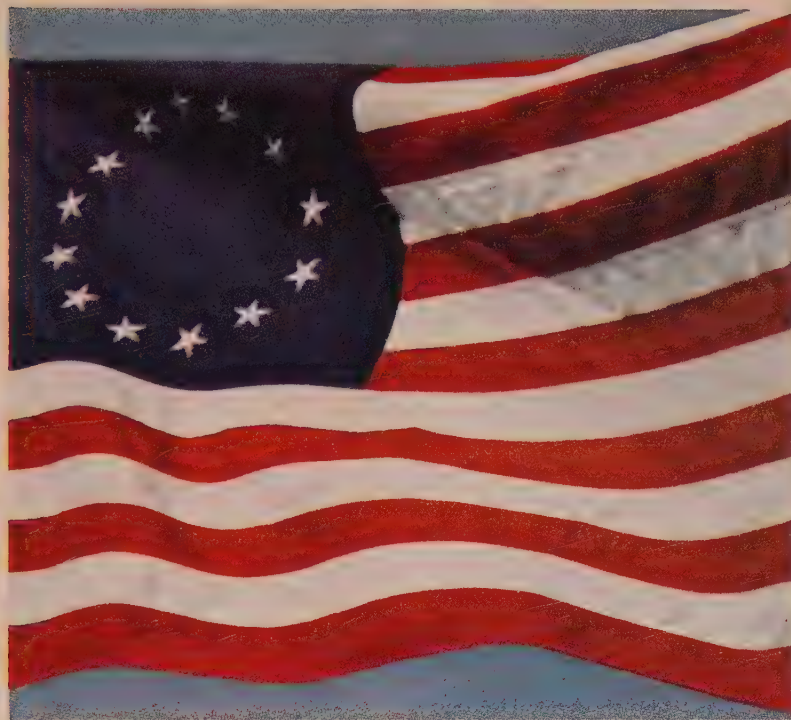
Discouraged by these events, hundreds of New Yorkers gathered up such belongings as were easily carried and left the city by cart and foot, creaking their way northward through the green fields that border Bowery Lane. One American officer recalls his wife's fear of being caught in battle: "You can scarcely conceive the distress and anx-

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BRITISH CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON PAINTED PANORAMA OF ENGLISH FLEET OFF STATEN ISLAND
Some said it resembled all of London afloat, or a forest of branchless pines.

America's 200th birthday: A time for re-dedication.



The 400,000 employees of Sears, Roebuck and Co. join with all Americans in the observance of the bicentennial of our nation. It is a time to reflect . . . a time to recall the courageous action of those few who declared before the world their dedication to a new standard, a standard for mankind's freedom.

This is also a time to look forward . . . to plan and to set our standards today at a level that will result in an even greater America. All of us can be proud of our country's accomplishments over the past 200 years . . . and we at Sears can take pride in our own history.

But no matter how great our past achievements, we can do even better.

Each of us must set his or her own direction. Sears pledge is to do better that which we already know how to do well:

To offer you real value in merchandise you want.

To furnish you reliable service when you call on us.

To treat you openly and courteously on the sales floor,
at the counter and over the phone.

These have been Sears standards for almost 90 years. Now, as over the years, we promise to meet them wherever we meet you.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Arthur M. Wood".

Arthur M. Wood
Chairman of the Board
Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Sears

We can do better. We will do better.

An American tradition: Craftsmanship.



A real craftsman has always demanded a lot of himself . . . and of others.

"What I like to see — I like to see . . . a Blacksmiths' shop open in the morning & a good stock of Iron on hand . . . a Shoe-maker make his shoes of good leather instead of rye meal & size . . . a Carpenter keep his saw in good order . . . a Cooper make barrels without flags & joints without a driver . . . Hatters use less paste & glue, & more elbow grease."

The papers of Felix Dominy.
Reprinted with the permission
of The Henry Francis duPont
Winterthur Museum.

Only the tools have changed.

While statesmen were building a nation, craftsmen were building a country.

Today, craftsmanship is still very much with us. The tools have changed. But the ideal remains the same.

That's why every Craftsman® tool you'll find at Sears has been carefully designed for quality, durability and value.

They're the kind of tools a colonial craftsman would have loved to have worked with.

Sears

Craftsman.
Tools that have earned the right
to wear the name.



The American way: The will to win.

Several Colonial verses remind us that as long as there have been kids and games, there have been winners.

*"... Chuck all safely in,
And you'll win the Game."*

*"... Let none catch you out,
And you'll beat them all."*

*"... See how intent each
Gamester stands:
Mark well his Eyes, his Feet, his
Hands!"*

*"... This Art oft has beat
Th' efforts of the strong."*

*"... To the next destin'd post,
And then Home with Joy."*

John Newbery, 1787



New games. New equipment. Same old determination.

In Colonial times, kids played mostly in the streets. And often in their bare feet.

But as games like basketball came into being, so did "sporting shoes". In fact, Sears was selling a variety of them as long ago as 1896.

Today, there's The Winner. A gym shoe made exclusively for Sears by Converse.[®] Low-cuts or high-tops, The Winner is built to take it.

Naturally, The Winner is a far cry from Sears first "sporting shoes". But what it takes to *be* a winner is no different today than it's always been.

It takes desire. Determination. Respect. Discipline. Sacrifice. The attributes featured on our Jesse Owens poster. If you'd like one of these 20- by 28-inch posters, send 50¢ for handling and postage to:

Sears, Roebuck and Co., Box 4979,
Chicago, IL 60677.

Sears

America: A country on the move.

Originally used to carry freight between the Colonies, the Conestoga wagon went on to carry pioneers across America.

"Imagine a boxlike cart nearly as long as an ordinary bedroom and so wide that I could stretch myself out full length across the body . . . Underneath the cart were hung buckets, the churn, lanterns, water kegs, and farming tools . . . Around the inside of the wagon were hung such things as we might need on the journey. There were pots and pans, towels, clothing, baskets, and two rifles . . . Our beds were laid in the bottom of the wagon and covered with bedclothes to save them from being badly soiled, as would be likely if we slept upon them at night and cooked and ate and did the housework on them during the daytime. Our cookstove was set up at the rear end of the wagon where it could be pushed out on a small shelf fastened to the rear axle when we wanted to use it."

An Authentic Account From
An Early Pioneer





Basic transportation. It's undergone some basic improvements.

It was pretty hard to improve on the horse and wagon.

In fact, we can't honestly say that the "Sears Motor Buggy" that appeared in our catalog in 1909 *was* an improvement.

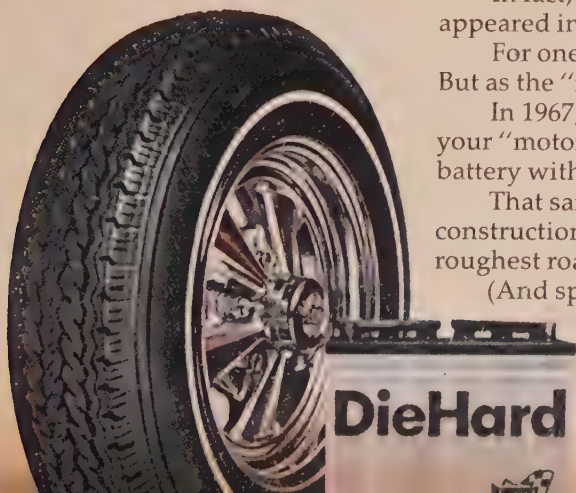
For one thing, it was hard to start. For another, it had solid rubber tires. But as the "motor buggy" got better and better, so did our tires and batteries.

In 1967, we started selling a battery that we can honestly say *will* start your "motor buggy" when most batteries won't. The Sears DieHard.® The battery with extra starting power.

That same year we were selling the Sears Steel-Belted Radial. Its radial construction and two steel belts make it tough enough to take on some of the roughest roads in the world. Roads that might even make a pioneer pause.

(And speaking of pioneers, did you realize that Sears pioneered the parking lot? That was in 1925, when people first started driving to the store.)

So you might say that Sears grew up with the car. And with the idea of finding better ways to get you from one place to another.



DieHard

Sears

America's heritage: A lot to be proud of.



The Old North Church is a unique reminder of our nation's birth. So preserving it has always been a point of pride.

"To paint all the woodwork with 3 coats of the first quality of pure white lead and oil, varying the colour as the committee may designate hereafter, to sand all the wood work over the third coat of paint, using the best of Sand suitable for this purpose and putting it on in the most approved manner and as thick as the paint will admit.

"The whole work to be done in the most thorough and workman like manner."

Vestry Records,
The Old North Church, Boston.

The Old North Church looks like new again.

"3 coats of the first quality."
That's what they used after Paul Revere rode into history.

Today, it's one coat of Sears Weatherbeater and Easy Living Paints. Paints that offer an ease, practicality and durability undreamed of 200 years ago.

In the past six years, we've used Sears paints to help preserve twenty-one reminders of our heritage. Including the Old North Church and the homes of Patrick Henry, John Paul Jones and Betsy Ross.

Looking for better ways to preserve great American homes like yours is part of Sears history.



Sears

iety that she then had. The city is in an uproar and everything in the height of bustle. I scolded like a fury at her for not having gone before." The destination of the fleeing New Yorkers: the King's Bridge, the only way over the Harlem River to temporary safety in Westchester. Even the New York Provincial Congress moved to the safety of the courthouse at White Plains, 25 miles north of the city. Once there, they declared the Province of New York a state.

To rally his troops, Washington issued a resounding order of the day: "The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves."

Much is at stake in New York. And while it is a logical place for the British to attack, it is a less than ideal place for Washington to defend. One difficulty is the nature of the New Yorkers themselves. Colonel Knox, a Bostonian, has described them as "magnificent in their pride and conceit, which is inimitable; in the want of principle, which is prevalent; in their Toryism, which is insufferable, and for which they must repent in dust and ashes."

In fact, as long as the Colonies have almost no naval forces available, New York is virtually indefensible against strong sea and land attack. Worse, whether it is finally occupied or not, it can easily be destroyed by naval fire, as Falmouth in the Maine District was set ablaze last year and Norfolk, Virginia, was burned down in January. If New York citizens were less notably Loyalist (an estimated two-thirds of the city is owned by Tories), Howe's gunners could reduce the city to ruin.

The vulnerability of the city, its political importance and the desire of both Rebels and redcoats to keep from destroying it will certainly affect Howe's tactics once his attack is launched. These factors have already profoundly affected Washington's defense. Howe, sources in London confirm, needs the city whole, as a center of flourishing Tory trade and power in the Colonies. He also wants it for winter quarters and as a base from which his forces may push up Hudson's River. If in the process of taking the city, he can capture Washington's Army, it is possible even now that colonial resistance, shaky and divided as it still is, may collapse entirely.

Washington's basic plan was established last winter by his British-trained second in command, gaunt, hot-tempered Major General Charles Lee (see page 26). Before going south to take command in Charles Town, South Carolina, Lee studied New York. His conclusions: since the two best military plans (burning the city or simply abandoning it to Howe) were both politically and morally objectionable, the only way open was a defense that would show the flag and yet make the British pay heavily for taking the city. He persuaded Wash-

ington to 1) keep most of his troops dispersed around New York and 2) concentrate on entrenched artillery along the rivers around Manhattan. Washington still hopes to keep British ships, especially troop transports, from moving freely up and down the rivers to outflank him. To this end he has also placed chevaux-de-frise (chains of sunken hulks studded with stakes just beneath the water line) between New Jersey and Fort Washington, just south of the King's Bridge. The extent to which such devices may hinder British naval action is doubtful.

If Washington is also doubtful, he is not the kind of leader to share his fears with an already wavering public. Washington's aides would neither confirm nor deny the dramatic rumor that Sir William Howe has thus far delayed his attack only because he is expecting the imminent arrival (probably this week) of his brother Admiral Lord Howe with another vast fleet—about 150 vessels and some 10,000 men. Also expected are the Hessian mercenaries whom King George is known to have hired. As Washington has said, "We may expect a very bloody summer in New York."



The New British Command: Howe & Howe

When Vice Admiral Richard Lord Howe's armada arrives in New York to reinforce Major General Sir William Howe, perhaps this week, all British military might in the New World will be commanded by two men who not only are brothers but are thought to be cousins of King George III (their grandmother, the Baroness Kielmansegge, was once a favorite mistress of George I). Despite this royal connection, the two brothers, whom the Crown has now charged with suppressing all rebellion in the Colonies, were until lately among the staunchest advocates of a reconciliation.

For nearly a decade, Admiral Howe, now 50 and three years the elder of the pair, has voted in Parliament against coercive measures toward the Colonies. Eighteen months ago, he met Benjamin Franklin, who, while serving as a colonial envoy in Britain, had begun playing chess with Howe's sprightly wid-

owed sister Caroline, 54. Admiral Howe soon started consulting Franklin in an attempt to work out compromise peace proposals. He also unsuccessfully sought permission from Lord North's ministry to lead a peace delegation to the Colonies himself.

Both Howes, moreover, have had attachments for many years on this side of the Atlantic. Their elder brother George, one of the few British generals who was popular in the Colonies, was killed fighting near Ticonderoga in 1758 during the French and Indian War. (The colony of Massachusetts even raised £250 to erect the monument to him that now stands in Westminster Abbey.)

William Howe served in North America from 1758 to 1761 as a young officer, eventually leading his brigade up the cliffs at Quebec to help Wolfe defeat Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham. Less than two years ago, as a Member of Parliament from Nottingham, he told his constituents that if offered a command in any war against the Colonies, he would refuse to serve.

However peaceable their politics once were, both Howes have reputations as aggressive tactical officers, and each reached the top of his profession not only through high connections but through high competence. The Howes were born into a rich, powerful, aristocratic Hertfordshire family. Both went to Eton. As a 16-year-old midshipman, Richard sailed with Admiral George Anson on his arduous, aborted voyage around the world. Thereafter he rose rapidly from command to command, becoming treasurer of the Navy in 1765 and a rear admiral five years later. Responsible, serious to the point of tediousness, heavy-browed and large-nosed, he is known in the Navy as "Black Dick" Howe, partly because his face has darkened from 30 years of quarter-deck weather, partly because an air

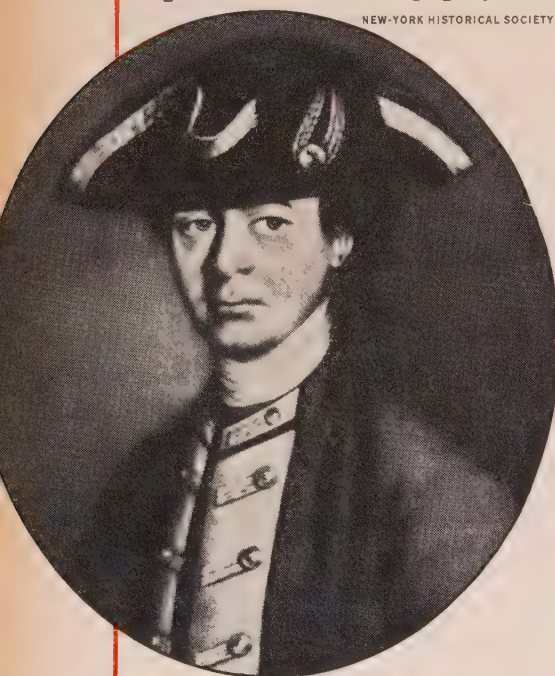
of somber resolution has surrounded him ever since he boldly pursued the French fleet among the rocks of Quiberon Bay in 1759.

In profligate London, Admiral Howe is renowned as a faithful husband. Not so Brother William, a shallower, more convivial personality who, though married, likes his lass and his glass. General Howe's goings on with pretty blonde Betsey Loring, 25, whom he met in Boston last year and is thought to have brought with him to New York (along with her complaisant husband), have already given rise to a number of salacious ditties. Because of her unofficial power, she is known among British officers as "The Sultana."

Despite Sir William's frivolities, he has served with great bravery, earning a reputation for combat discipline, skill in training men and planning tactical military operations. Two years ago, he created a new drill for light-infantry companies and pioneered a new system whereby flexible, fast-paced companies were attached to every regiment of the line. Lord George Germain, Britain's Secretary of State for the American Colonies and a leading advocate of an aggressive policy, remarked when Howe was appointed that no other officer was so well qualified to teach European soldiers how to fight from "behind trees, walls or hedges."

Together the Howe brothers command one of the largest military and naval forces assembled in this century. They have many choices—and almost complete discretion—about how to employ it. Both Howes are justly famous for being concerned about the welfare of their men. Sir William, for instance, was reportedly shocked by the high number of British casualties during the frontal assault on Bunker Hill, which he led last summer. He is known to subscribe to the new European doctrine that pitched battles are less important than tactical maneuvering in winning wars. Continental officers were nevertheless astonished when Howe did not follow up the hard-won victory at Bunker Hill by an immediate advance on the American camp at Cambridge, which would surely have fallen.

Another clue to the Howe brothers' intentions may lie in reports from London that Admiral Howe agreed to accept his command only with the understanding that he would have the right to act as a Royal Commissioner in attempting to work out a reconciliation with the Colonies. Although no details are known, military sources in London believe that Howe hopes to persuade the Continental Army to lay down its arms in exchange for new negotiations. If so, he has very little chance of success.



NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ADMIRAL RICHARD HOWE, ABOVE, & GENERAL WILLIAM HOWE



ANN & BROWN MILITARY COLLECTION



BRITISH COMMODORE SIR PETER PARKER LEADS HIS WARSHIPS INTO BATTLE AGAINST FORT SULLIVAN

COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG

Grog, Grit and Gunnery

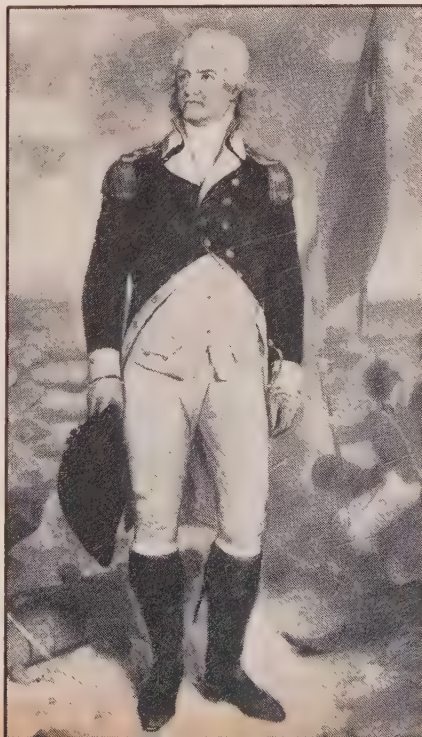
"It being a very hot day, we were served along the platform with grog in fire-buckets, which we partook of very heartily. I never had a more agreeable draft." With these surprising words, Colonel William Moultrie, 45, commander of the 2nd South Carolina Regiment, was recounting not an assault upon some savanna-side grogshop but a striking colonial victory off Charles Town, South Carolina. In a bitter ten-hour action, Moultrie and 435 men inflicted heavy losses upon a strong British naval squadron under the command of Commodore Sir Peter Parker (two ships of the line, six frigates, the bomb ketch *Thunder* and more than 30 other vessels). This forced Parker's fleet and several thousand British regular troops under Major General Sir Henry Clinton to give up a combined land-and-sea attack on Fort Sullivan near Charles Town.

The British—having been informed by three lately deposed Royal Governors that large Loyalist forces were ready to fight for the King—originally planned to launch their southern campaign near Wilmington, North Carolina. General Clinton arrived off Cape Fear with a small force in mid-March. But Commodore Parker's larger supporting fleet was delayed for two months, partly because of bad winds. By the time the two joined in May, the main Loyalist forces in North Carolina, some 1,800 kilt-wearing Scots colonials led by Allan Macdonald, had been long since routed by Patriot militia in the battle of Moore's Creek. Disappointed, Clinton and Parker sailed south.

By early June they were off Fort Sullivan, which stands at the tail end of a low, sandy, four-mile-long island that is roughly the shape of a sperm whale. It was built to guard the northern entrance to Charles Town Harbor, but its palmetto-wood walls are still incomplete on the shoreward sides, where they stand only 7 feet high. The British would seize the fort and garrison it, Clinton decided, and thus interdict all trade and privateer traffic to and from the busiest port south of Philadelphia.

The British attack began on a low

COLONEL WILLIAM MOULTRIE



CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

tide at 11:15 o'clock on the morning of June 28. Clinton had landed 2,500 light infantry, grenadiers and seamen on an undefended island northeast of Sullivan's Island and separated from it by a shallow passage known as "the Breach." The original plan called for a wading infantry attack on Sullivan's Island and a simultaneous naval assault. Parker accordingly anchored most of his fleet, including the flagship *Bristol* and the *Experiment*, both of 50 guns, only a few hundred yards from the fort and proceeded to pound it with broadside after broadside. At the same time, the bomb ketch *Thunder* anchored farther south and arched explosive 10-inch mortar shells into Moultrie's position. Three lighter vessels, the *Actaeon* and the *Syren*, both 28 guns, and the *Sphinx*, 20, drifted westward into the harbor, hoping to get round the fort and attack it from behind.

Moultrie had only 28 rounds of powder and shot for each of his 26 guns, which ranged from 9- to 26-pounders. He served pails of grog to keep up fighting spirits, and despite the rain of fire from more than 200 British guns, he forced his gunners to reply slowly and carefully, concentrating on the two biggest enemy ships. The effects were soon evident. The top of the *Bristol's* mainmast was shot clean off, and her mizzen was splintered. Twice, all the men on the flagship's quarter-deck were killed or wounded, except for the intrepid Commodore Parker, who nevertheless suffered indignity. A Rebel cannon ball, so a British seaman reports, "passed so near to Sir Peter's coattail as to tear it off, together with his clothes, clear to the buff."

This devastating combination of co-

lonial grog and gunnery was aided by British misfortune. Clinton's charts had told him that the low-tide depth in the Breach was a wadable 18 inches. But before the attack was launched the general, to his mortification, discovered that the charts were wrong. Any British grenadier stepping proudly off into the Breach would soon sink in over his head. Small boats to ferry the men over were ordered but they proved unseaworthy. Meanwhile the *Actaeon*, *Syren* and *Sphinx*, attempting to attack Moultrie's rear, all ran aground. And most of the 60 shells accurately thrown by *Thunder* landed in a kind of morass in the middle of the fort compound. They disappeared more or less harmlessly, like stones tossed into a hog wallow.

New supplies of powder and shot were run into Fort Sullivan during the afternoon, and the cannonade continued until after dark. But by 9 o'clock Parker broke off. He had two ships in tatters and one, the *Actaeon*, so badly aground that she had to be scuttled. Sixty-four British seamen lay dead and 141 wounded—against 17 dead and 20 wounded colonials. The fight was never reopened. The British ships were too badly damaged and British pride was too badly jolted. As the British force prepared to sail north to join General Howe in New York, one shocked British officer recalled the battle: "This will not be believed when it is first reported in England. I can scarcely believe what I saw on that day, a day to me one of the most distressing of my life."



SATIRE OF PARKER'S DEFEAT
(see MODERN LIVING)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BEQUEST OF CHARLES ALLEN MUNN, 1924



BENEDICT ARNOLD'S FORCES MARCH THROUGH WILDERNESS ON WAY TO QUEBEC

Goodbye to the 14th Colony

When they launched separate attacks on Canada last year, General Richard Montgomery and Colonel Benedict Arnold both carried messages addressing the Canadians as "brothers." Montgomery was authorized to recruit Canadian volunteers for the Continental Army, paying a bonus of 200 acres per man, plus 40 acres more for a wife and each child. Indeed, Congress only agreed to the invasion if, as General Philip Schuyler said, "it will not be disagreeable to the Canadians." The goal of all this friendliness was not just to forestall any British march down the Hudson but also to bring Canada onto the American side as a "14th colony." Last week, as the ragged survivors retreated southward across Lake Champlain, it was clear that the whole plan had been a disastrous miscalculation.

It is sometimes overlooked that the ambitious American policy drew much of its impetus from the Quebec Act, that tyrannical but farsighted statute by which George III's ministers reorganized the status of Canada within the Empire two years ago. The act denied Canadians both self-government and the right to trial by jury. But it confirmed the nearly feudal authority of the French landowning seigneurs, established the freedom (and thus the power) of Roman Catholicism in Canada, and granted to Canada great tracts of land spreading westward along the Ohio River.

Partly because several colonies (notably Virginia) lay claim to these same lands, American leaders regarded the Quebec Act as one of the so-called "Intolerable Acts" of the British government. Radicals were also incensed at a new abridgment of civil liberties. New Englanders were fearful of the apparent

revival of a powerful Catholic neighbor to the north. (A 19-year-old student at King's College in New York, Alexander Hamilton, even wrote a pamphlet suggesting that the Inquisition would be reborn and might soon be burning heretics at the stake in America.)

It became fashionable in the Congress to believe that if rebellion broke out, many "unhappy" Canadian brethren (an overwhelming majority of whom are French) would view any American invading force as "liberators." No one properly reckoned on the conservatism and clannishness of the French-speaking peasantry, however, to say nothing of the influence of the church. The results are by now only too well known: as General Montgomery fought his way northward, occupying St. John's and Montreal, he enlisted few Canadian recruits despite his generous bonus offer. That virtually doomed the expedition even before the defeat last January at Quebec, where Montgomery was killed.

The Canadians did save Arnold's hungry and isolated forces during this past winter by selling them beef. But when hard money ran out, as it eventually did, Canadians refused credit. When American troops began pillaging farms, the Canadians became increasingly hostile.

If Congress had speedily reinforced the fewer than 1,000 able-bodied American troops besieging Quebec, a notable military victory might still have been won. But the British had already sent their own reinforcements before 6,000 Continental regulars and militia finally arrived in Canada in May. The besiegers fled southward. Even after they had united with the fresh troops, a large con-

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

tingent of the American forces was routed midway between Quebec and Montreal. After struggling to Ile aux Noix below St. John's, they began dying by the hundreds from smallpox and dysentery (see MEDICINE). Of that fine force, fewer than 3,000 men, now huddled at the foot of Champlain for the defense of Ticonderoga, are ready for combat. Late last week their command was

changed again, for the fifth time since the fighting began, this time from General Horatio Gates back to General Schuyler.

Meanwhile, England's General John Burgoyne, with 8,000 British regulars and Hessians, as well as swarms of Indians, is massing troops at St. John's for a march into New York. On the once promising northern front, the only hope-

ful sign this week was the sound of axes at Skenesborough. There work has begun on the tiny fleet with which Arnold, now a brigadier general, still hopes to challenge the British. The year's military effort in Canada has until now at least kept the Indians from being loosed for frontier raiding in New York and New England, but the dream of the 14th colony seems dashed for good.

George Washington and the Nasty People

"I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with . . . From the day I enter upon the command of the American armies, I date my fall and the ruin of my reputation."

—George Washington

When the head of the Continental Army made those self-deprecating statements at the time of his selection last year, he was acknowledging that Congress's choice had not been inevitable—and perhaps not even right.

Among the others who had been considered: Artemas Ward, then 47, ailing commander of the Massachusetts troops, and Charles Lee, 44, who now serves Washington as first major general. But the Massachusetts delegates themselves realized that they could best win continent-wide support by letting a southerner take the lead. So it was John Adams who did most to see that the towering planter from tidewater Virginia was put in charge.

In a year of maneuvering, Washington has not yet confronted the kind of test that he now faces in New York. But Washington's dealings with a dilatory and troublesome Congress, his choice of subordinates and his efforts to turn an impromptu band of ragged Yankee individualists into a modern 18th century army have shown him to be an impressive leader. His personality matches boldness to patience, an iron will to supple diplomacy, high vision to concern for lowly detail.

The new commander in chief reached the Army outside Boston on July 2, 1775. He found that it had fewer than 50 cannons, hardly any powder, few trained gunners or engineers, little pay and no order at all. The men had been recruited from the Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire militia to meet the alarm sent out after Lexington and Concord. By tradition, they elected their own leaders, and many refused to serve with men from other parts of New England.

The encounter between the Virginia gentleman and what he called "a mixed multitude of people" was dramatic. At first, disgruntled soldiers went home in shoals and there was a wave of courts-

martial. A number of officers were broken. Thirty and 40 lashes for insubordination became a regular punishment. To Washington's chagrin, one of the few southern units in his Army, a company of Virginia riflemen, rebelled against discipline and had to be surrounded and disarmed. "Such a dirty, mercenary spirit pervades the whole," the exasperated general wrote in a rare display of open anger, "that I should not be at all surprised at any disaster that may happen." As for the much vaunted New England troops, Washington confided to a friend, "I daresay the men would fight very well (if properly officered), although they are an exceedingly dirty and nasty people."

Washington has since changed that view, partly because he has somewhat reformed his soldiery. The men have come to revere him. For one thing, he looks every inch a general. A big man, heavily muscled (6 feet 2 inches, 200 pounds), he has a strong, square face lightly marked by small pox. At 44, he is in perfect condition but for several missing teeth. He dresses in a fine uniform of dark blue faced with buff, set off by brass buttons. He is a great horseman—some say the best in Virginia.

Despite his formidable military appearance, Washington's actual military experience was relatively slight and oc-

curred long ago. As a novice of 22, he headed an unsuccessful militia effort, skirmishing with the French near the Ohio River, and he then spent three years patrolling the western frontiers against marauding Indians. In 1755, at the disastrous battle before Fort Duquesne, he served as an aide to the ill-fated General Edward Braddock. Washington had two horses shot from under him (and four bullet holes shot into his hat and coat) while trying to rally the men. He was cool in action, a comrade recalls, "like a bishop at his prayers."

Even as a young man, Washington was noted for his stately manner (Virginia's new Governor Patrick Henry once praised his "solid information and sound judgment"), but he sometimes showed a lighter side with ladies. A "chatty, agreeable companion," one of them wrote to a friend, "he can be downright impudent sometimes, such impudence . . . as you and I like." After a certain amount of impudence among notables like the Fairfaxes, his patrons, the young war veteran settled down with the widowed Martha Custis, then 27 (two children by her first marriage, none by her second). Said Washington: "With an agreeable consort for life . . . [I] hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced amidst a wide and bustling world."

In almost 17 years of "retirement,"

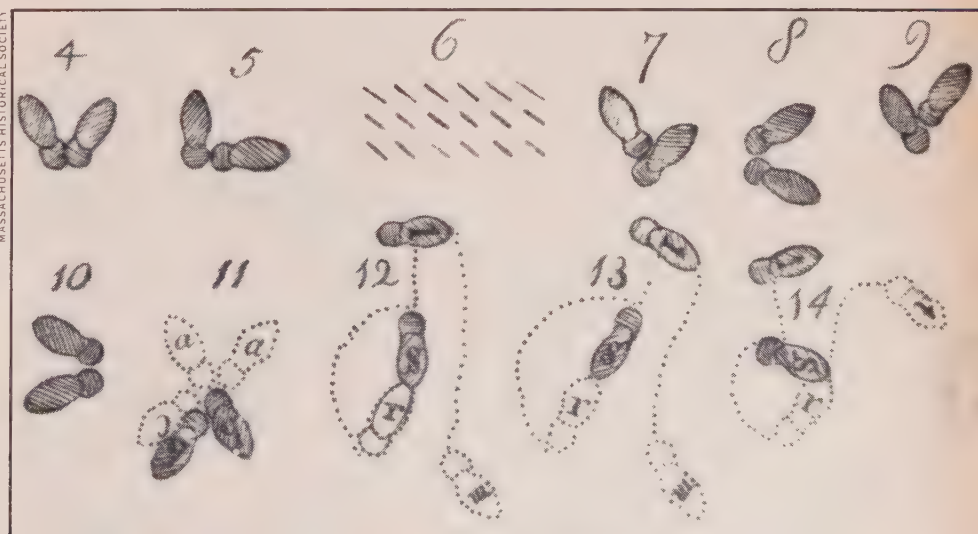


DIAGRAM FROM A NEW MANUAL, AN EASY PLAN OF DISCIPLINE FOR A MILITIA
And the articles of war forbid swearing and drunkenness.

Washington built up his inherited estate, Mount Vernon, and bought large areas of western land (present total: close to 35,000 acres). He also bought additional slaves to carry out his experiments in growing wheat, barley, hemp and flax, in building fisheries and even in trying to breed buffaloes as beasts of burden. Enjoying his rewards, Washington ordered only the best of carriages from London "in the newest taste, with steel springs, green unless any other color is more in vogue." His favorite sport: fox hunting. His favorite delicacies: oysters, watermelons, Madeira wine.

Even in retirement, a Virginia planter has obligations. Washington served in the House of Burgesses from 1759 on, as a justice in Alexandria from 1760-74 and as a delegate to both Continental Congresses. Now, under the burdens of command, he drives himself even harder than he drives his men, sometimes rising as early as 4:30 a.m.

The general's orders of the day are famed for their sonority. One on personal behavior reads: "The general most earnestly requires and expects a due observance of those articles of war ... which forbid profane cursing, swearing and drunkenness." Wherever he moves, secretaries are kept busy handling the prodigious number of letters he turns out each day. Many of them are written to Congress to stir up pay and equipment for the Army ("100,000 dollars will be but a fleabite to our demands at this time"), especially munitions. It took him months to get the Congress to approve uniform standards of pay, terms of re-enlistment, and such things as the number of men prescribed for platoons, companies and brigades. But he has done it.

If the new American Army is not a "rabble in arms," as the British sneeringly claim, that is a measure of Washington's success so far.

The Army's Four Horsemen

Throughout his first year of command, General Washington has been evaluating his chief officers. As of last week, the four most notable were:

Major Gen. Charles Lee, 45

Washington's chief deputy is a former British lieutenant colonel of infantry who took up soldiering at the age of 15, learned six languages, once served as major general to the King of Poland, is an adopted son of a Mohawk tribe, and has lately been celebrated as a pamphleteer against the British Crown. A gaunt unkempt figure racked with gout, Lee is highly critical of other men's soldierly skills. "Booby-in-Chief" was his sobriquet for one hapless general under whom he served during the French and Indian War.

To get the benefit of Lee's detailed grasp of military drill, maneuvers and planning, the conservative Washington willingly puts up with Lee's eccentricities—among them profanity, a sarcastic style in writing reports, and a pack of dogs (poodles and a Pomeranian) that customarily infests his headquarters.

Major Gen. Israel Putnam, 58

Like Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus on a similar occasion, General Putnam is celebrated in New England for leaving his plow in mid-furrow to go to fight the British. Even before that, the general was a local legend as "Old Put," homespun hero of the French and Indian War, who escaped scalping only by a mixture of courage and guile.

A hurricane of energy, built like a barrel of spruce beer, Putnam quickly won the rank of general during the disorganized fighting before Washington took command. His aggressive spirit spurred American forces to the occupation of Charlestown and the Battle of Bunker Hill. Washington values Putnam as a leader of small forces in hot combat, but the semiliterate general knows and cares little about problems like planning and supply. Putnam is presently second in command in New York. To help him with administration Washington has assigned him an aide from his own staff, Major Aaron Burr, 20, a sparrow-sized scholar from Princeton, New Jersey, who fought with distinction in the battle for Quebec.

Brigadier Gen. Nathanael Greene, 34

Until last year the youngest brigadier in the Continental Army was a forger of ship anchors in Coventry, Rhode Island. He has little formal education but used to study Euclid and military history beside his forge at night. Though raised a Quaker, Greene helped form a

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY



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MAJOR GEN. PUTNAM



INDEPENDENCE NATIONAL HISTORICAL PARK COLLECTION

BRIGADIER GEN. GREENE

BRIGADIER GEN. ARNOLD

MAJOR GEN. LEE



COURTESY PICTURES



The American way with food



FREEDOM OF CHOICE.



There are three words so uniquely American that they can describe a whole way of life—but so familiar that their meaning can be easily overlooked:

Freedom of Choice.

Freedom to choose an occupation. A religion. A government. To make of your life what you will, not what you are ordered.

We invite you to give fresh consideration to those words, not as some grand ideal but rather as they describe the life you live every day. For in that way, the celebration of the American birthday takes on a huge importance.

Freedom of choice—every day. Nowhere in the American economy will you find a better example than in the very food you eat. Walk into a supermarket and you'll find literally thousands of choices—choices that let you, and you alone, determine exactly what and how you want to eat.

That's the American way with food, and that's what The Pillsbury Company is all about. For

baking from scratch, generations of Americans have depended on Pillsbury's Best® Flour. But, suppose you want to make a cake from a convenient mix and top it off with a ready-made frosting. Pillsbury, at your service. Or how about refrigerated biscuits you bake and serve, or dinner rolls, or hearty pancakes—the choices go on and on.

The American way with food is *your* way. And we're proud that so many of the products that let you make your own choices come from The Pillsbury Company.



FREEDOM OF CHOICE.

Pillsbury's business is food—nutritious food, appealing food, in the choice and variety you want.

We've come a long way from the days when we were just a simple flour mill in Minneapolis, manufacturing Pillsbury's Best® Flour.

But one thing hasn't changed: our promise to deliver "the best" in every way we can. Here are just a few examples of how we do that.



Eleven thirst-quenching flavors of Pillsbury's Funny Face® give millions of American kids more of what they're thirsting for.



Two bars of crunchy, delicious Pillsbury Figurines® offer all the protein, vitamins and minerals of a nutritionally balanced meal.



Pillsbury Crescent Rolls are the kind of hot, home-baked rolls you can't get from ready-to-eat.





Cake, filling and glaze mix all in one box; moist, flavorful Bundt™ brand ring cakes from Pillsbury are easy enough for everyday, fancy enough for special occasions.



1869 Brand® Biscuits are an American tradition, so tender and light they taste almost like you made them from scratch!



Ask the kids if Wiener Wrap™ brand hot dog bake-arounds don't turn plain hot dogs into something special!



Hungry Jack® Pancakes make the kind of good 'n hearty eating that satisfies the hungry appetites in every family.



...AND FOR
TWO MORE WINNING
WAYS WITH FOOD...



1975 BAKE-OFF® WINNERS

We Americans delight in doing things our own way, in exercising freedom of choice everywhere—including the kitchen.

We love to tinker, invent, change, improve.

The Bake-Off® contest celebrates

this uniquely American way with food, bringing cooks together from all over the nation to share their recipes with you.

Enjoy these 1975 winners with our best wishes for a Happy American Birthday!



SOUR CREAM APPLE SQUARES

Mrs. Luella E. Maki, Ely, Minnesota, combined apples and cinnamon to flavor this moist, cake-like bar or dessert.

2 cups Pillsbury's Best® All Purpose or Unbleached Flour*	1 teaspoon soda
2 cups firmly packed brown sugar	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine, softened	1 cup dairy sour cream
1 cup chopped nuts	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 to 2 teaspoons cinnamon	1 egg
	2 cups (2 medium) peeled, finely chopped apples

Preheat oven to 350°. Lightly spoon flour into measuring cup; level off. In large bowl, combine first three (3) ingredients; blend at low speed until crumbly. Stir in nuts. Press 2¾ cups crumb mixture into ungreased 13x9-inch pan. To remaining mixture, add cinnamon, soda, salt, sour cream, vanilla and egg; blend well. Stir in apples. Spoon evenly over base. Bake 25 to 35 minutes until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cut into squares; serve with whipped cream, if desired. 12 to 15 squares.

*If using Pillsbury's Best® Self-Rising Flour, omit soda and salt.

HIGH ALTITUDE—5400 Feet: Bake at 375° for 25-35 minutes.

EASY CRESCENT DANISH ROLLS

Mrs. Barbara Gibson, Ft. Wayne, Indiana, filled these large, attractive rolls with cream cheese and preserves for delicious eating.

8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, softened	4 teaspoons Kraft Pure Preserves
½ cup sugar	
1 tablespoon lemon juice	
2 cans (8 oz. each) Pillsbury Refrigerated Quick Crescent Dinner Rolls	

Glaze

½ cup powdered sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 to 3 teaspoons milk

Preheat oven to 350°. Blend first three (3) ingredients until smooth. Separate crescent dough into eight (8) rectangles; firmly press perforations to seal. Spread about two tablespoons cream cheese mixture on each rectangle. Starting at longer side, roll up; press edges to seal. Gently stretch each roll to about 10 inches. Coil loosely into spirals with seam on inside. Seal ends. Make deep indentation (thumb print) in center of each roll; fill with ½ teaspoon preserves. Bake on ungreased cookie sheets 20 to 25 minutes until deep golden brown. Blend Glaze ingredients; drizzle over warm rolls. Refrigerate any leftovers. 8 rolls.



militia troop to resist British tyranny. When other members of his troop thought he should be disqualified from command because of a game leg, Greene characteristically offered to serve as a private. But his talent as a leader, especially in acquiring and organizing supplies, was quickly noticed. He progressed from private to general within a few months.

A burly man, Greene nonetheless has a gentle manner and a knack for soothing ruffled feelings. When Washington arrived in New York in April, he named the young general commander of all forces on Long Island. Some say the commander in chief has already decided that if he should be killed, Greene would be the general best qualified to succeed him.

Brigadier Gen. Benedict Arnold, 35

Arnold was a druggist and a merchant sea captain from New Haven when the fighting broke out. He rode to Cambridge and began raising a troop to attack the British, not in Boston but at Fort Ticonderoga, overlooking Lake Champlain, which he knew to be weakly held and full of cannon desperately needed by the Colonies. He and Irregular Ethan Allen, leader of the Green Mountain Boys, easily surprised and captured Ticonderoga. Arnold then commandeered a schooner, sailed northward, and with 35 men took St. John's, just over the Canadian border. Arnold was a chief advocate of the Canadian invasion, in which he displayed remarkable courage and daring.

Arnold ran away from home at 14 to fight in the French and Indian War but otherwise is militarily untrained. He is reputed, however, to have a surer natural sense of tactics ashore and afloat than any other American commander, including George Washington.

SPIES

For Two Shillings

The bells sounded the appointed hour of 11 o'clock on June 28, and the snare drums rolled darkly for Sergeant Thomas Hickey. All the buttons had been slashed from his uniform coat, and the red epaulet from his right shoulder. The 80 soldiers in the ceremonial guard stood at attention, bayonets fixed. A crowd of thousands had gathered in a field just off New York's Bowery Lane to watch Sergeant Hickey die on the gallows. The condemned man was "unaffected and obstinate to the last," Artillery Surgeon William Eustis reported later, "except that when the chaplain took him by the hand under the gallows and bade him adieu, a torrent of tears flowed over his face."

Hickey soon recovered and mounted the gallows. A hangman yanked the platform out from under him. Then the body remained hanging in mid-

air as the crowd gradually dispersed.

Hickey was no ordinary criminal. He had been a member of General Washington's personal guard. He had been tried and convicted just two days earlier on a charge of "exciting and joining in a mutiny and sedition." Washington himself approved the sentence.

Because of widespread public alarm, New York gossips concocted wild stories of a Tory plot to kidnap or murder Washington—700 men were supposedly involved, and it was reported that the general narrowly escaped death. Most of these rumors are nonsense, but the facts are disturbing enough.

Hickey and another soldier, Micah Lynch, were seized June 14 on a charge of trying to pass counterfeit money. In jail, they were heard boasting that they had secretly enlisted with the British and that hundreds of other Continental soldiers had done the same.

Amid anxiety that recent instances of counterfeiting might be a British plot to discredit colonial currency, the New York Provincial Congress's Conspiracies Committee began a full investigation. It soon discovered that:

► New York Mayor David Matthews was involved in an even more serious plot. Arrested on June 22 and accused of "dangerous designs and treasonable conspiracies against the rights and liberties of the United States of America," Matthews admitted that he had received more than £100 from Tory Governor William Tryon, at Tryon's headquarters aboard the transport *Duchess of Gordon*, mostly for the purchase of guns to arm Tory sympathizers.

► Gunsmith Gilbert Forbes, proprietor of The Sign of the Sportsman at 18 Broad Way, admitted receiving Tryon's money through Matthews and sending one shipment of 20 guns to the British. He claimed, however, that nearly half the guns had been defective and that the real purpose of the money had been to recruit Continental soldiers to the British cause.

► William Green, the drummer in Washington's guard, was accused by Forbes of organizing the recruitment of disaffected American soldiers. Specifically, Green admitted recruiting Hickey for a payment of 2 shillings (Forbes also gave the soldier half a dollar).

Hickey himself pleaded not guilty, but he had little defense. A swarthy Irishman believed to have once deserted from the British Army, Hickey said his main hope was that "if the enemy should arrive and defeat the Army here . . . I might be safe." After the one-day trial, the 13 officers on the court-martial sentenced him to the gallows. Despite this stern punishment, General Washington appears to favor leniency for perhaps 20 others involved. In a letter received at Congress last week, the general said he was "hopeful that this example will produce many salutary consequences, and deter others from entering into the like traitorous practices."



ADAPTED FOR TIME BY ISADORE SELTZER

LOYALISTS

The 'Sgnik Sdneirf'

When a young Englishman named Nicholas Cresswell was touring the Colonies last year, his journal guardedly referred to the "Sgnik Sdneirf" that he met. Cresswell's code was transparent. But the need for protective secrecy on behalf of the "King's Friends" in the New World is dramatic enough. By now, the harassing of known Loyalists—an estimated 15% of the population—has reached a point that might best be described by a bit of tavern-house doggerel: "Tories with their brats and wives/ Should fly to save their wretched lives."

cloaths. Some beating him with clubs ... for about five hours."

Anglican churchmen have been special targets for abuse. New York's Reverend Samuel Seabury once tried to argue the case for Loyalism in his *Letters of a Westchester Farmer* ("If I must be enslaved, let it be by a KING at least, and not by a parcel of upstart, lawless Committee-men. If I must be devoured, let me be devoured by the jaws of a lion, and not gnawed to death by rats and vermine"). Instead of being devoured, he was kidnapped and imprisoned for a

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH



CUSTOMS OFFICER JOHN MALCOLM SUBJECTED TO TARRING & FEATHERING
He had "more the appearance of the devil than any human being."

In most cases there is no law to justify Patriot attacks on Loyalist sympathizers. Often it is simply a matter of mob violence. When a crowd of Patriots seized a Massachusetts customs official named John Malcolm, a witness recalls: "Being disarmed of sword, cane, hat and wig, he was genteelly tarred and feathered [until] he had more the appearance of the devil than any human being." Malcolm survived that mauling—only to be trapped by another mob three months later. This time "he was stript stark naked, one of the severest cold nights this winter, his body covered all over with tar, then with feathers, his arm dislocated in tearing off his

month by a marauding band of Connecticut Patriots.

Jonathan Boucher of Annapolis was equally vehement ("If you are wrong, as in some degree I think you are," he wrote to George Washington, "it is my duty frankly to tell you so, and yours to listen to me with patience"). Indeed, when 20 Patriots gathered threateningly around his pulpit, he seized the group's leader by the collar, "and with my cocked pistol in the other hand, assuring him that if any violence was offered to me I would instantly blow his brains out." But Boucher has given up the struggle and returned to England.

Civil violence has extended widely

into commerce. Merchants who sell British goods have had their store windows daubed with human feces, and if that is not enough, they are variously burned in effigy or hoisted by their belts to the top of liberty poles. Most newspapers sympathetic to Britain—or even willing to print both sides of the political debate—have been put out of business by rioters (*see THE PRESS*). "All law and government, here as well as elsewhere, seems now nearly at an end," said Sir James Wright, the Royal Governor of Georgia, shortly before quitting the Colonies. Better one tyrant 3,000 miles away, says Boston Minister Mather Byles, than "three thousand tyrants not a mile away."

It is their belief in law and order, as well as their belief in King George, that inspires the Loyalists to their loyalty. But since their view of order is a minority view, and since they are attacked for arguing their case, their only alternatives are to remain silent, or fight, or flee. As of now, about 1,500 Loyalists are serving the British, most of them in newly formed companies such as the Royal Greens, raised by New York Landholder Sir John Johnson. The Greens operate from the Niagara frontier and harry the settlers in New York's Mohawk valley. Several hundred others have joined units of the British Army, where they bitterly complain of discrimination in rank and pay.

More than 3,000 Loyalists have so far settled in Canada, mostly in Nova Scotia, a region that has lately become known as "Nova Scarcity." Only a relative few of the wealthier Loyalists can afford £20 ship fare from here to London, let alone the cost of living there afterward. One of those who went to London, Boston Judge Jonathan Sewall, describes the British capital as a place that causes "vexation of the spirit."

The roots of decisions for or against independence often lie far deeper than personal advantage, as can be seen by the splitting of fathers from sons, friends from friends. Virginia's aristocratic John Randolph, 49, examined all the arguments last year and, as he put it, heeding the voice of reason, decided for the King and moved to England. But his son, Edmund Randolph, 23, served as aide-de-camp to General Washington last year. John Randolph is also a cousin of Thomas Jefferson's. Years ago they made a pact: if Jefferson died first, Randolph would inherit £800 worth of his books; if Randolph, he would leave Jefferson his favorite violin. When Randolph embarked for Britain, the violin was sold to Jefferson for £13.

The word Tory—now so political and conservative in meaning—had its origin in a Gaelic word meaning a pursued or persecuted person, hence an outlaw. If General Howe's invasion fails, thousands more colonists will know the bitterest meaning of the word.

LABOR

Not All Are Created Equal

Cuff Freedom, Dick Freedom, Ned Freedom, Peter Freeman, Cuff Liberty, Jeffrey Liberty, Pomp Liberty. These are some of the names that Negroes chose when they were allowed to join the Continental Army. The words express the deepest wish of the 530,000 black people in the Colonies. Less than 10% live north of Maryland. In the south about 90% are slaves.

In the early months of the struggle with England, especially in New England, many Negroes fought in the colonial forces, and it was informal policy to offer freedom to any slave who joined a muster. Since early this year, however, the Congress and General Washington have banned Negroes (slaves and freedmen alike) from the Continental Army—the only official exceptions being black men who have already served. The various colonies have followed suit, except for Virginia, which still permits all free men to serve in its militia. The immediate reason for the ban is to discourage slaves from leaving their masters and thus to help ensure the wholehearted commitment of the southern colonies to the war. Although the new Declaration of Independence speaks ringingly of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, such rights do not apply to slaves because they are property.

Despite the weight of custom and commerce, the past decade has seen a very slowly growing opposition to slavery on both sides of the Atlantic. Much of it has been stirred by the belief that the rights of man are as universal as Jefferson has said. Thomas Paine of the *Pennsylvania Magazine* has published an article arguing that the slave, "who is proper owner of his freedom, has a right to reclaim it, however often sold." Adds Dr. Benjamin Rush, a leader of a Philadelphia antislavery movement: "The plant of liberty is of so tender a nature, that it cannot thrive long in the neighborhood of slavery."

In 1772, a Court of King's Bench decision in London in favor of a runaway

slave, James Somerset, brought slavery to a virtual end in England. But in the Colonies, real moves against slavery have been few. Three years ago, a group of slaves in Massachusetts petitioned the General Court to be free of bondage. Another group applied to the legislature, asking that they be allowed to work for themselves one day a week and so buy their freedom. No one answered the appeals. Though the Massachusetts legislature has been offered various bills abolishing the slave trade, all have been defeated. Other colonies have forbidden the trade, however, and this April the Continental Congress reaffirmed the laws by banning the importation of new slaves. But this was done mainly to strike at British trade. Cynics point out, moreover, that the present slave supply is ample. (Negro population has more than doubled since 1750.)

The rich soil and long growing season in the south have encouraged the growth of large plantations, which can most efficiently be worked by slaves, often 1,000 or more. Since slaves have been available for about £40 each, they now make up a good part of the labor force that cultivates tobacco, rice and indigo, the

three main products in the south. The owners' discipline is firm, for as Virginia's Colonel Landon Carter puts it, "Kindness to a Negro by way of reward for having done well is the surest way to spoil him." Although slaves usually are legally considered personal property (some states have decreed them to be real estate), defenders of slavery point out that they are not without rights. The law in South Carolina imposes a fine of £5 on any owner who makes a slave work more than 15 hours a day. An owner can also be fined £100 for mutilating a slave or £350 for killing him during punishment.

Fears of a possible Negro uprising were greatly strengthened last November when John Murray, Earl of Dunmore and Governor of Virginia, attempted to raise Negro soldiers for the Crown. Declaring martial law in the colony, Dunmore offered freedom to any slave who joined him. Within a few weeks, nearly 300 runaways were enlisted in the Ethiopian Regiment, issued arms and uniforms bearing the words "Liberty to Slaves."

Virginia patriots were horror-struck. Patrick Henry (who became famous last year by shouting "Give me liberty or give me death!") declared Dunmore's action "fatal to the publick safety." Virginians mobilized against the British Governor, threatening to hang any slaves who tried to join the Ethiopian Regiment and finally defeating his force of 600 men in a battle at Great Bridge. Dunmore retreated to Norfolk, then took to the sea in British ships as his black troops fell prey to a small-pox epidemic.

If the war drags on, policies may change—on both sides. In America the supply of volunteers will probably grow short because many soldiers are farmers and must work the land or starve. If it does, the system of offering freedom to all slaves willing to fight the British may be revived. Among various other plans, the most ironic is a bonus system that has been discussed in southern colonies. In place of the usual land and/or cash, a poor volunteer willing to fight against British enslavement may be given a slave of his very own.

SLAVES ON INDIGO PLANTATION

Charlestown, July 24th, 1769.

TO BE SOLD,

On THURSDAY the third Day
of AUGUST next,

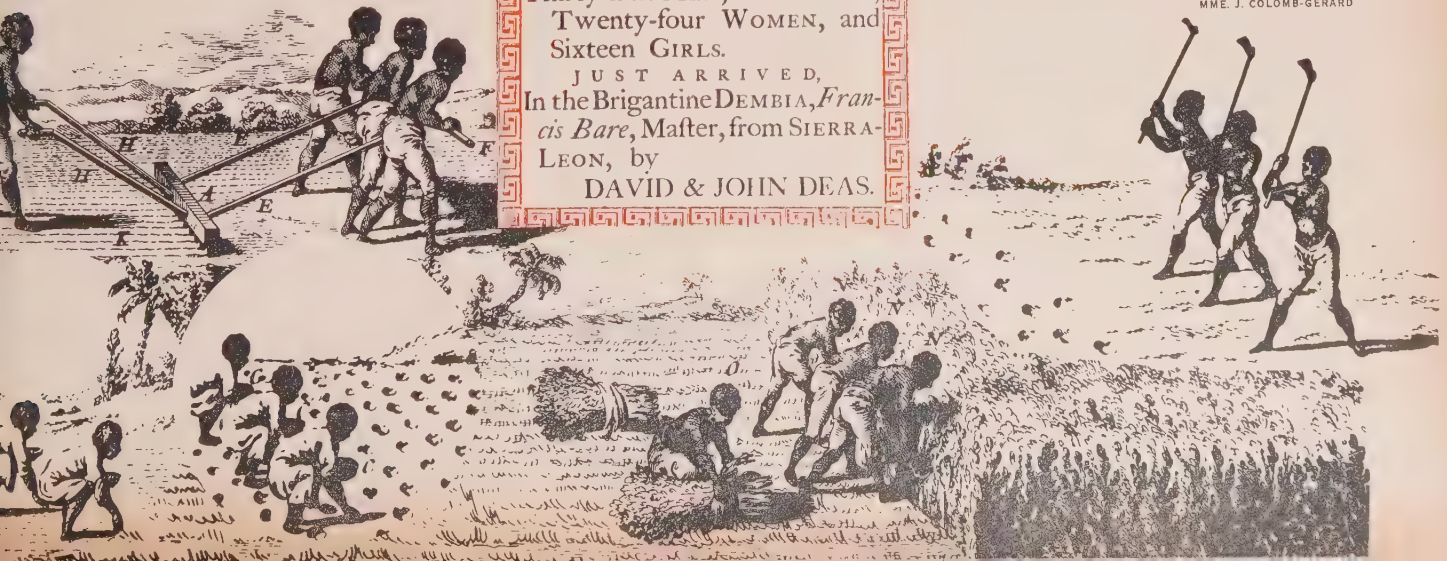
A CARGO
OF
NINETY-FOUR
PRIME, HEALTHY

NEGROES,

CONSISTING OF
Thirty-nine MEN, Fifteen BOYS,
Twenty-four WOMEN, and
Sixteen GIRLS.

JUST ARRIVED,
In the Brigantine DEMBIA, Francis
Bare, Master, from SIERRA-
LEON, by
DAVID & JOHN DEAS.

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY



Troubled Transfer of Power

When Congress urged all the colonies last May to create "such government as shall best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents," it was recognizing that a confused but enormously significant transfer of sovereignty has gradually been taking place during the past year. Falling from power: the British Governors, now all in flight, in prison, or in refuge behind British guns. Now in power, under congressional sanction, are the Committees of Safety, some of them vaguely derived from the once secret radical groups, but at present responsible for such local problems as the buying of militia provisions and the maintenance of public order. In between, and harassed from all sides, stand the colonial legislatures that are now charged with organizing the postcolonial era. The situation:

► Connecticut and Rhode Island have followed the easiest course by simply turning their 17th century charters into state constitutions, declaring that their governments derive authority from the people rather than the King.

► New Hampshire has had greater difficulties. Its Provincial Congress wrote to the Continental Congress last fall to report that it was in a "convuls'd state" and needed guidance "with respect to a method for our administering justice and regulating our civil police." John Adams of Massachusetts was delighted to reply (indeed he published his *Thoughts on Government* last January for the guidance of all legislators with similar difficulties). Said he: "[Adopt] a plan resembling the government under which we were born. Kings we never had among us. Nobles we never had. But

Governors and councils we have always had as well as representatives. A legislature in three branches ought to be preserved, and independent judges." The New Hampshire legislators agreed—except that they decided not to elect a new Governor—and in January they drafted a constitution empowering a bicameral legislature to govern only "during the present unhappy and unnatural contest with Great Britain."

► South Carolina made a similar request for congressional advice and got a similar answer, but the constitution it approved in March is quite different. Unlike New Hampshire, South Carolina now has a "President and commander in chief" with the power to veto bills passed by the legislature.

► The most important of the new constitutions is that of Virginia, approved just last month. The proud Virginians had no thought of asking Congress for any advice. Indeed, they considered the work being undertaken in Williamsburg at least as important as that in Philadelphia. Said Thomas Jefferson: "Should a bad government be instituted for us, it had been as well to have accepted the bad one offered us from beyond the water without the risk and expense of contest."

The chief architect of the Virginia constitution is a crotchety and reluctant statesman, an heir to a plantation of thousands of acres and many slaves, who yet is one of the most dogged champions of individual rights. His name: George Mason. Afflicted with gout, he rode into Williamsburg almost two weeks late, yet he was instantly installed as a member of the committee to draw up a declaration of rights. With typical impatience, he declared that he found the committee "according to custom overcharged with useless members" who could be expected to offer "a thousand ridiculous and impracticable proposals." Mason promptly took charge. In debate, according to one expert, he was "neither flowing nor smooth, but his language was strong, his manner most impressive, and strengthened by a dash of cynicism when provocation made it seasonable."

As a start, Mason committed to paper the basic principles of English law: the right to trial by jury, to be secure at home from unreasonable search and seizure, the writ of habeas corpus, etc. But he also added new notions. For one, that "the freedom of the press is one of the great bulwarks of liberty, and can never be restrained but by despotic governments." For another, that "all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience." Mason had originally proposed only the "toleration" of different religious views; it was young James Madison who proposed that religious free-

dom become a right instead of a condescension.

None of this was accomplished without volleys of criticism from conservatives. They dissented sharply from Mason's statements that "all men are by nature equally free and independent" and that "all power is vested in and consequently derived from the people." Carter Braxton, a prominent planter, objected that "a disinterested attachment to the public good never characterized the mass of the people." And was Mason's formulation supposed to include the slaves? After four days of debate, it was agreed that all men have natural rights only "when they enter into a state of society," as the slaves clearly have not.

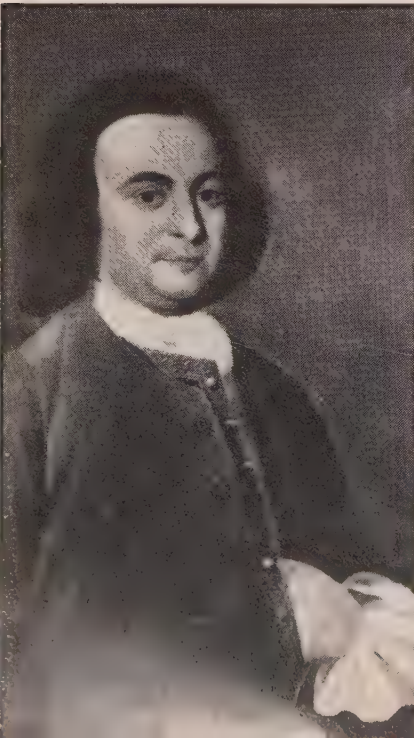
Frustrated at not being able to take part in such debates, Virginia's Jefferson sat down in Philadelphia and wrote his own outline for a constitution, sending it back to Williamsburg with his mentor, Lawyer George Wythe. By the time Wythe got there, however, the many arguments over Mason's draft had finally been settled. Chairman Edmund Pendleton, a distinguished lawyer, said that the members "could not, from mere lassitude, have been induced to open the instrument again." But they did like Jefferson's preamble, which contains many of the same ideas that Jefferson has included in his Declaration of Independence, so they attached that to Mason's constitution and approved it on June 29.

Now Virginia has provided not only America's first declaration of civil rights but its first fully worked out constitution. The powerful lower house is to be elected annually by the state's property owners, who will also choose senators for a four-year term. Both houses will elect a Governor of strictly limited power. As a finishing touch, just before the delegates adjourned last week, they approved a new state seal—a female figure representing Virtue and Courage, armed with a spear, standing with one foot on the corpse of Tyranny.

And so the process continues. The New Jersey legislature, recalling its sharp conflicts with the now arrested Loyalist Governor William Franklin, last week adopted a new constitution that provides for a bicameral legislature to elect a relatively powerless Governor. Only 26 of the 65 legislators voted for the measure (30 abstained and 9 opposed), however, and even they insisted that the document would be null and void in case of a reconciliation with Britain.

In Pennsylvania, where conservatives dominated the Assembly and resisted all change, some 100 delegates from local Committees of Safety converged on Philadelphia last month and worked out rules for the election of a constitutional convention. That election was held early this week, and the radicals are now in control. But how they will translate that control into a constitution remains anyone's guess.

VIRGINIA'S GEORGE MASON



COURTESY, VIRGINIA MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

CONFEDERATION

A Bold Plan for the Future

When Virginia's Richard Henry Lee rose in the State House in Philadelphia last month to move "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free," that celebrated statement was only the first section of a three-part resolution. The second section asked that the Colonies immediately "take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances" (see *THE WORLD*). The third section urged that "a plan for confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies for their consideration and approbation." That plan, *TIME* has learned, has just been finished, and a draft will be submitted to Congress late this week.

The plan, known as the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union, has been worked out largely by John Dickinson, 43, the London-trained lawyer best known for his anti-Townshend-taxes "Letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer." Though an opponent of American independence, the Pennsylvania conservative soon became the dominant influence on the 13-man drafting committee, which included hardly any radicals other than Samuel Adams of Massachusetts. The document therefore reflects the conservatives' basic desire to organize the 13 disparate colonies under a united national government that would assume the authority once held by London.

Among the chief points in Dickinson's draft:

- The proposed confederacy will be officially designated as "the United States of America."

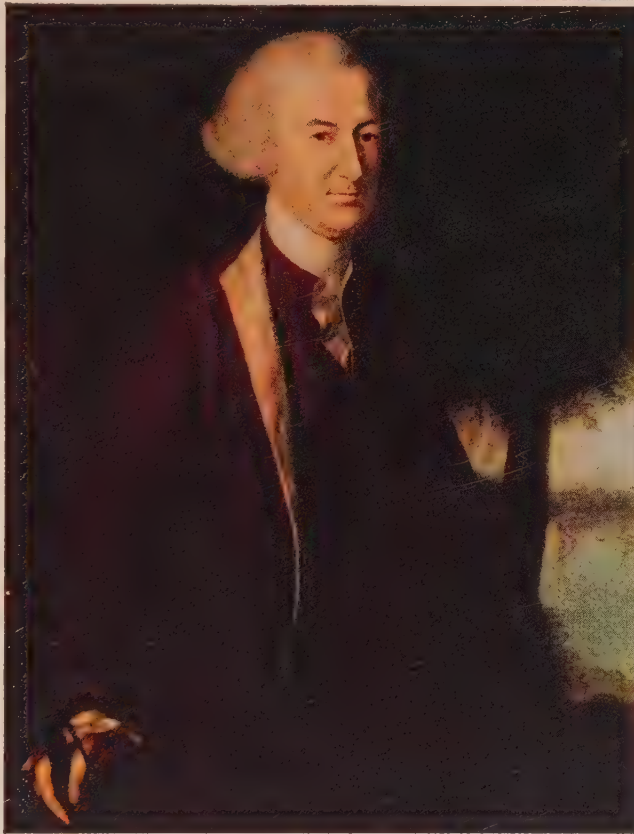
- "The United States assembled" will have the exclusive right to make war and peace, to deal with foreign nations, to regulate foreign trade, to settle territorial and other disputes among the colonies, and to negotiate with all the Indian tribes living beyond the colonial frontiers.

- The individual colonies will retain their present laws and social customs, but only in "matters that shall not interfere with the Articles of this Confederation." Only one right is specifically assigned to each of the states: the "exclusive regulation and government of its internal police."

- The draft promises that "the United States assembled shall never impose or levy any taxes or duties, except in managing the post office." When "the Assembly" needs to raise substantial

sums of money for waging war or other matters of "general welfare," the states shall provide it "in proportion to the number of inhabitants of every age, sex, and quality, except Indians not paying taxes."

- Each state will have one vote in the Assembly. Nine votes will be required to pass bills in certain key areas, seven for other ones. Each state legislature will determine how its own delegates should be chosen and will pay for their support. No one may serve in the Assembly for



JOHN DICKINSON AS PORTRAYED BY PEALE
"What we shall make of it, God only knows!"

more than three years out of six.

- A Council of State, consisting of one delegate from each state, will serve as an executive group on behalf of the Assembly.

- Canada is invited to join the Confederation.

- Once the Articles of Confederation are ratified, no changes can be made without approval by the Assembly and each of the colonies.

Most political leaders in Philadelphia expect, however, that there will be many changes made before the Articles are finally ratified. Even within Dickinson's committee, there have been harsh arguments. Says Delegate Edward Rutledge of South Carolina: "Dickinson's plan has the vice of all his pro-

ductions . . . I mean the vice of refining too much." Rutledge also complains that the plan might "destroy all provincial distinctions, and make every thing of the most minute kind bend to what they call the good of the whole." He adds: "I am resolved to vest the Congress with no more power than is absolutely necessary . . . for I am confident a most pernicious use will be made of it."

Three specific areas seem likely to attract controversy:

First, the rule that gives each state one vote benefits the small states at the expense of the more populous ones. Delegate John Adams of Massachusetts questions whether each state should not have "a weight in proportion to its number, or wealth, or exports and imports, or a compound ratio of all." Delegate Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, who drew up his own rough draft of a charter for federation last year, has proposed one congressional delegate for each 5,000 voters.

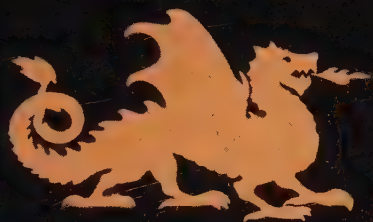
Second, the rule that proposes taxes in proportion to population will undoubtedly be disputed by southern delegates since it means that their states will have to pay substantial taxes because of the number of slaves. Southern leaders argue that it would be fairer to base taxes on the value of land, but this is strongly opposed in the cities of the north.

Third, the rule that gives Congress control over colonial boundaries will meet strong opposition in some states, like Virginia, that claim their royal charters extend all the way across America to the "South Seas" (the Pacific). Land buyers from closed-in states like Maryland have been trying to buy western lands from the Indians, but the Virginians insist that all such

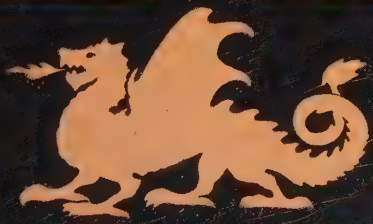
purchases are illegal.

"What contract will a foreign state make with us when we cannot agree among ourselves?" asks Delegate Samuel Chase of Maryland. Chase has a point, but the process of ratification promises to be long. Says Delegate Joseph Hewes of North Carolina: "What we shall make of it, God only knows. I am inclined to think we shall never model it so as to be agreed to by all." In the meantime, Quaker Dickinson refused last week to vote for independence (or even to attend the decisive session of Congress) because of his hopes for eventual reconciliation with Great Britain. But he nonetheless rode off to Elizabethtown to join his regiment in defense of the Declaration.





**In 1776,
there were two
kinds of spirits
that moved
America.**



THE OUTLOOK

Can America Afford Independence?

In declaring its independence, America has taken the first step toward nationhood. But even after the war is over, the final step of winning the peace may be the most difficult of all. Thoughtful Americans are asking themselves a hard question: Can America survive economically without Britain?

A superficial answer is: Of course. In the basic necessities, America is more self-sufficient than any European country. Advocates of independence point out that 95 percent of the more than 2.5 million Colonists are farmers, and that besides the produce they themselves grow, they can depend on an abundance of wild game and fish. The average American, unlike his counterpart in England, builds his own house—right down to finishing the nails—and he has to go no farther than his wife to obtain his clothes.

In a larger sense, however, the answer is not so easy. While individual Americans will get by, it is not certain that the American economy, lacking manufacturing, can provide the strength to launch a new nation. Even now, there are cracks and strains. As of last week, the debt of the Continental Congress stood at 15 million dollars. Recent short-

ages ranged from wool for Continental Army uniforms to common salt. Without the economic link to Britain, according to some theorists, the colonies may eventually go their own ways, rather like the petty principalities of Germany.

The doubters point to these all too familiar circumstances: in the 169 years since the landing at Jamestown, Britain has done everything in its power to keep America in perpetual dependence. Guided by the principle of mercantilism, whose chief objective is the enrichment of the mother country at the expense of its colonies, Britain's leaders tried to make America serve as the Empire's farm, forest and mine, while Britain was to be its factory, financier and protector. Parliament's decrees that certain American exports could be shipped only to or through Britain cut into the profit on such products as tobacco, America's No. 1 export (102 million pounds last year). When colonial hat and wool manufacturers started to compete with English factories, Parliament likewise restricted American hat and cloth manufacturing. "The erection of manufactories in the Colonies tends to lessen their dependence on

Great Britain," reads a House of Commons resolution. When America began exporting iron, Parliament prohibited the establishment of new factories in the Colonies. Only this year did the Colonists build their first new mill to make sheet iron in Trenton.

Pessimists about American independence further stress the sometimes overlooked fact that land transportation throughout the Colonies is still slow (four days by stagecoach from Boston to New York), and there is not a single bank comparable to the great financial institutions of Europe. "For what purpose were [the Colonists] suffered to go to that country unless the profit of their labor should return to their masters here?" asked the Marquis of Carmarthen in the House of Lords. Edmund Burke made the same point with more sympathy for the Colonists: "The scarcity you have felt would have been a desolating famine if this child of your old age, with a true filial piety, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent."

This selfish British mercantilism has been remarkably effective in protecting and promoting British manufacturing. British exports to the Colonies have multiplied twelvefold since the beginning of this century, from £344 thousand to £4.2 million in the peak year of 1771, while American exports only tripled, to £1.3 million. The actual trade deficit with England was running at an annual rate of £1.6 million in the first half of this decade. And the American dependence was real enough, with Britain and its West Indian colonies taking most of colonial exports—tobacco, flour, fish, rice, indigo, in that order—and providing most of the Colonies' imports, mostly textiles, manufactured products and utensils from Britain, salt, sugar and molasses for rum making from the West Indies.

Despite the deficit in trade with England, however, American exports to the entire world were profitable enough in 1769 to provide a trade surplus of more than £200,000. When the Continental Congress opened American ports to all trade with all nations last April, it was the first opportunity for free competition in a century. Says Massachusetts Congressman John Adams: "Foreign nations, all the world I hope, will be invited to come here. And our people [will be] permitted to go to all the world except the dominion of him [King George III] who is adjudged to be *Nerone Neronior* [more Nero than Nero]. I think the utmost encour-

A LONDON VIEW: BRITISH OFFICIALS KILL AMERICAN GOLDEN GOOSE



agement must be given to trade."

Besides enlarging their foreign markets, especially those in France, Spain and Holland, Americans may conceivably regain some direct access to Britain once the war is over. Indeed, despite the present blockade imposed by London, substantial clandestine British-American trade is going on even now. This flows mostly through Amsterdam and the West Indies, particularly the Dutch island of St. Eustatius, which is taking advantage of its unexpected role as go-between to become the busiest port in the world, with more than 250 ships arriving each week.

America has plenty to sell. American food, from salted New England cod fish and flounder to Carolina rice, is much needed in Europe and the West Indies. American shipbuilders, using cheap lumber from nearby forests, can turn out high-quality ships for 20 percent to 50 percent less than their European competitors. As a result, almost one-third of the 7,700 vessels in Britain's merchant fleet were made in the Colonies. American ironmakers, centered in Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, have also proved that they are as good as any in the world. Already, America produces one-seventh of the world's crude iron (30,000 tons last year). The ironmakers, like other American workmen, get wages two and three times as high as those in Europe.

In the two years since the Continental Congress began encouraging new manufacturing, a great deal has been done. Most colonies have forbidden the slaughter of lambs or sheep and the eating of mutton so that more sheep will be available for the infant wool industry—textiles having suffered from the most stringent British prohibitions. A year ago, there were no fulling mills for woolen cloth in New Jersey; now there are 41. The Virginia Convention resolved to turn "from the cultivation of tobacco to the cultivation of such articles as may form a basis for domestic manufactures, which we will endeavour to encourage to the utmost of our abilities."

Even before the current drive for economic independence, America was already heading in that direction. The first foundry for casting type for printers was set up in 1769, and only last year Benjamin Franklin brought back from France enough equipment for a complete type foundry along modern French lines. Even the pianoforte no longer has to be imported; John Behrent produced the first one in Philadelphia last year.

The obstacles to creating a true manufacturing society are still formidable, but none of them should prove insurmountable. The real question is not so much economic as political. The major manufacturing powers of Europe have long benefited from central administration and relative political stability. Both are essential ingredients of prosperity.

ARMAMENTS

The Munitions Trade

Of all the problems facing the American war effort, the most immediate is the desperate shortage of arms and ammunition. "Our want of powder is inconceivable," General Washington complained last winter. "A daily waste and no supply administers a gloomy prospect."

Britain banned the export of all arms to America two years ago, and the powder in Continental muskets now comes mostly from France, which has closed its eyes to the activities of both European and American gunrunners. So far, however, supply has not even begun to keep up with demand, and American soldiers are severely rationed, with a daily allowance at times of only nine musket rounds per man, v. 60 for each redcoat. This shortage has given rise to a sizable and complex business.

To organize the procurement of foreign arms, Congress set up the Secret Committee last September and authorized it to trade American produce for needed armaments. Current chairman of the committee is English-born Philadelphia Merchant Robert Morris, 42, and the committee's contract has been assigned to his own trading house of Willing & Morris. The committee offers American tobacco, lumber, rice, flour and other products in exchange for European gunpowder and other war supplies. The northern colonies usually ship their goods directly to European ports, principally Amsterdam, Nantes and Bilbao; the southern colonies make their exchanges through Dutch, Spanish and French ports in the West Indies.

Willing & Morris takes a commission of 2½ percent to 5 percent on each of the firm's transactions for the government, which is considered a fair return for the risk involved. Morris himself makes no secret of his own financial interest. "There never has been so fair an opportunity for making a large fortune since I have been conversant in the world," he recently exulted to a colleague. Others in Congress feel that Morris is the best man for the job and that his commission is a small price to pay for foreign arms.

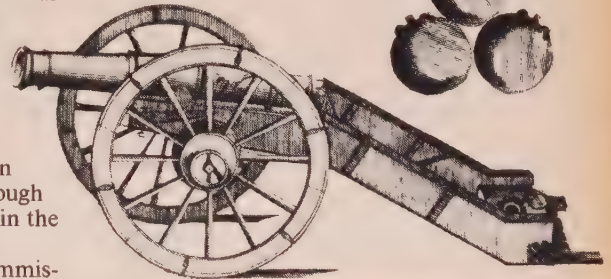
Morris has also arranged with other merchants—notably the Providence firm of Brown, Hopkins, Jenckes & Bowen—to seek out arms in the West Indies and Europe for 2½ percent commission. John Brown arranged to buy a cargo of gunpowder in Surinam last November and

charged a price of 6 shillings a pound, which General Washington called "most exorbitant" (in December Brown made a profit of £20,000 for such work). But the price is still rising. On Brown, Hopkins' latest shipment from the West Indies a month ago, the firm had to pay 14 shillings a pound and made the somewhat reduced profit of £1,403. All in all, about 1 million pounds of gunpowder have by now been imported, most of it unloaded in Philadelphia and stored by Congress.

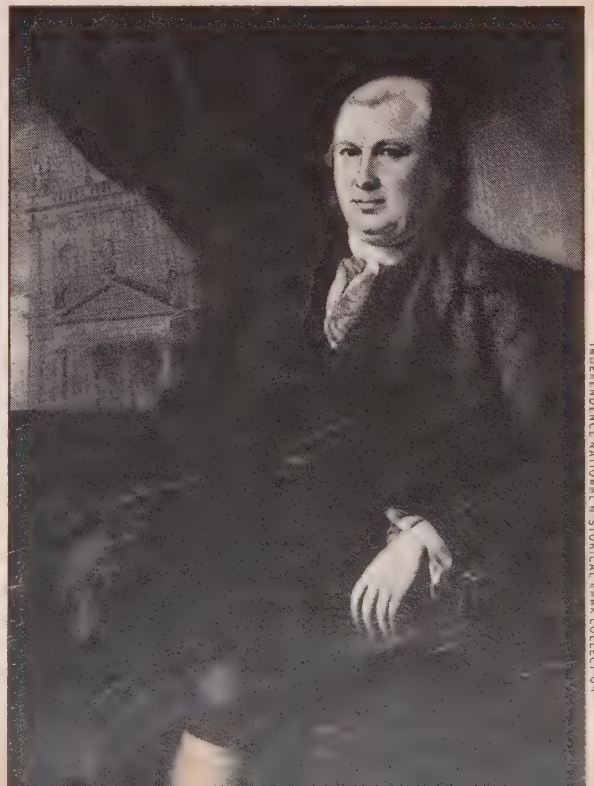
The shortage of infantry weapons is not so critical, because every able-bodied man 16 years of age and over is required to have a gun for his militia duty; but some of these arms get lost or damaged. Washington announced not long ago: "For every [musket] with a bayonet that have not been abused, I will give 12 dollars." Not too many have answered that request, though, for a new gun now costs 15 to 18 Spanish dollars or other coin.

While the merchants pursue their business, the Colonists have been driven to supplement the munitions trade with various ingenious stratagems:

► Saltpeter, an essential ingredient of gunpowder (12 parts saltpeter to 2½ parts charcoal and 1½ parts sulfur) is being sought in the refuse of stables, cellars, and even outhouses. "The mold under stables, etc., may



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INDEPENDENCE NATIONAL HISTORICAL PARK COLLECTION

PEALE'S PORTRAIT OF ROBERT MORRIS

THE ECONOMY

be boiled down to extract the 'nitrous salt,'" advises one broadside that has been widely posted.

► Pennsylvania Astronomer David Rittenhouse has found a ready source of lead for musket shots: he has taken the lead weights from Philadelphia's clocks and substituted iron weights.

► Benjamin Franklin has proposed that Washington's Army be equipped with bows and arrows. Although that suggestion was politely rejected, the rear ranks have been issued 12-foot iron shafts to use as spears.

PRICES

Higher, Ever Higher

In Philadelphia, the price of beef has exploded—up 114 percent in only three months, from £3 10 shillings to £7 10 shillings in Pennsylvania currency per barrel. New Yorkers are buying refined sugar at exactly double the cost of three months ago (1 shilling 3 pence, v. 2 shillings 6 pence per pound). And tavern keepers throughout the Colonies are bitterly protesting the intoxicated prices of West Indian rum, now running as much as 110 percent higher than last winter. Even the humble pin is no longer humble in cost. A woman in Braintree, Massachusetts, complains: "The cry for pins is so great that what I used to buy for 7 shillings and 6 pence are now 20 shillings—and not to be had for that." If current trends continue, prices will jump 200 percent within the next year.

Much of the blame for rising prices can be placed on the tightening British blockade, which has sent the cost of imports, including most manufactured goods, soaring. Even common and once cheap imports like salt, essential for the preservation of food, have grown greatly in value. When it can be obtained, salt costs 8 shillings 6 pence, v. 3 shillings 9 pence three months ago.

Much of the blame, however, can also be placed on the cost of the war it-

self, which is vastly more than anyone would have predicted even a few months ago. Not only have purchases for the Army made many scarce goods scarcer, but Congress has been forced to print much more paper money than it had anticipated. According to current estimates, another 5 million Continental dollars will have to be emitted later this month in addition to the 15 million so far.* This "emission" is done simply by printing more paper money, but since Congress has no right to levy taxes, the money it prints is backed by nothing more than a promise to pay off in specie eventually. Many people are skeptical of that promise and rely on a wide variety of European coins for their everyday needs (see chart). They accept the proliferating dollars only at a discount.

The war has already created a business boom, and not everyone is hurt by the price increases. Some farmers, for instance, have discovered that if they can hold part of their produce off the market at harvest time, they will soon get higher returns. Merchants who can procure scarce products are making bigger profits than ever before. One Massachu-

setts merchant who owns several privateers reports that profits of 100 percent on sugar and 150 percent on linen and paper are "more than common." Jonas Philipps of Philadelphia says that European goods command a profit of 400 percent there.

Even those who profit from rising prices, however, soon see those profits disappear when they themselves must pay more for their goods. And creditors of all kinds, everyone from merchants to landholders with fixed rents, are finding to their sorrow that the bills due them are worth less than they had anticipated. So, on balance, most Americans are more hurt than helped by rising prices.

One solution that is being widely considered: price controls. Local communities have long controlled prices of some goods and services, such as bread and charges for ferries. Some now say controls should be extended throughout the Colonies.

The one attempt at such widespread controls, however, gives little ground for encouragement. The Committee of Public Safety of the Congress did place controls on a list of goods, mostly of West Indian origin, at the beginning of hostilities. The attempt proved unpopular and hence unenforceable, and only tea and salt still remain on the list.

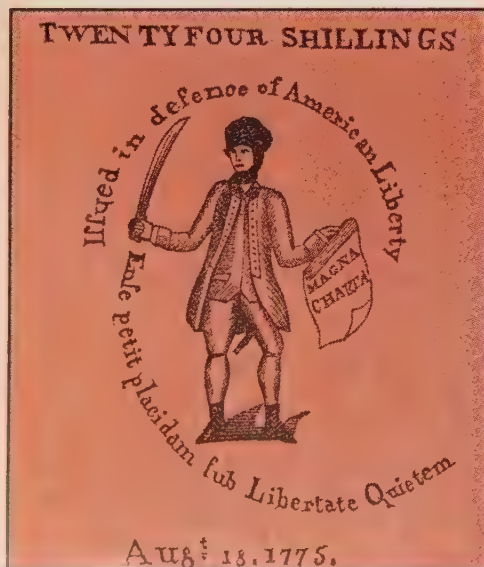
CURRENT VALUES OF THE MAIN COINS IN CIRCULATION

COINS	POUND STERLING VALUE	VALUE IN LOCAL CURRENCIES			
		MASS.	N.Y.	PENN.	S.C.
	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d
SHILLING* (English)	1 0	1 4	1 6	1 6	7 0
CROWN* (French)	5 0	6 8	8 6	7 6	1 15 0
DOLLAR* (Spanish)	4 6	6 0	8 0	7 6	1 12 6
JOHANNES** (Portuguese)	1 6 0	2 8 0	3 4 0	3 0 0	13 0 0
GUILDER* (Dutch)	1 10	2 5	3 3	3 1	15 3

12 pence (d) equal 1 shilling(s); 20 shillings equal 1 pound (£); *silver; **gold

*Congress began issuing the bills last June. Since the Government has promised to redeem them in Spanish silver dollars—the most popular coin circulating—they have been given the Spanish name: dollar.

PAUL REVERE'S DESIGN FOR A MASSACHUSETTS NOTE; A NEW JERSEY £3 BILL



CULVER PICTURES



LESLIE HURST

IDEAS Each Man for Himself

Philosophers have argued for centuries about the best means for kings to regulate trade and increase the riches of their kingdoms. But according to this season's new work by Scottish Professor Adam Smith, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* (London, W. Strahan and T. Cadell, 2 vols.; £1 16 shillings), they are all wrong. The best course for governments is to do as little as possible.

What does Smith mean by that seemingly innocent phrase, "wealth of nations"? Not, as usual, the King's treasures. Smith submits the novel idea that the wealth of a nation must be measured by the resources of all the people. He writes: "No society can surely be flourishing and happy, of which by far the greater part of the numbers are poor and miserable." Thus, with deceptive reasonableness, he has proclaimed the radical notion that economic power—no less than political power—should be spread among the people.

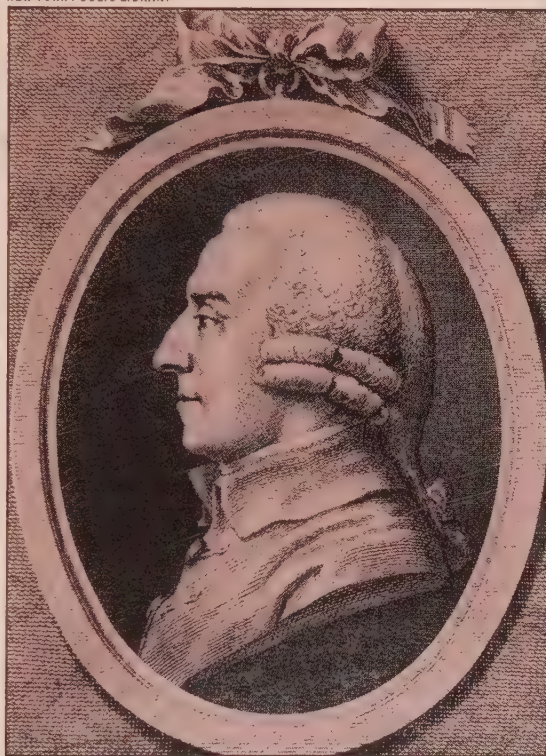
What force then will serve to spread wealth "to the lowest ranks of the people"? The law of the free marketplace, says Smith, by which even greed is predestined to do good. That is because it is based on everyone's self-interest, which he defines as "the uniform, constant and uninterrupted effort of every man to better his condition." His logic runs like this:

The desire for wealth leads to competition. Competition, left to the ingenuities of balancing self-interests, will in turn produce the goods that society wants, in the quantities that society requires, at a price society is willing and able to pay. Take the subject of pins, as Smith does. In their self-interest—efficiency—the makers of pins will divide their labor into parts: "One man draws out the wire, another straightens it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it," and so on. By this system the producers will achieve their goal: the maximum number of pins at the minimum cost. In their self-interest customers will then make their choice in the pin market, where the buyer's and the seller's self-interests marvelously become one. Are there too many good and cheap pins? Then the least efficient pin makers will turn to making candles or clocks or whatever is needed in this best of all self-regulating worlds of supply and demand. The marketplace, left to itself, will grow indefinitely, bringing

more and more wealth to everyone.

The mercantilist thinkers may be expected to react strongly against *The Wealth of Nations*. Smith's dynamic concept of wealth jeopardizes a favorite theory of these monopolists: that colonies should be exploited to heap up money to sit in the home country's vaults. In fact, Smith's ruling passion is to disfranchise all monopolies that concentrate and protect hoarded capital. Neither by temperament nor by intent is Smith a revolutionary. But his strength is that of a revolutionary: he knows what he is against. The anti-Smith argument, naturally, is that he means to destroy established order, and that the "invisible hand" of the free market is not really enough to restrain the greed of the mer-

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



ADAM SMITH, PHILOSOPHER OF THE MARKETPLACE
"Consumption is the sole end."

chant or improve the lot of the poor. The more persuasive case for Smith is that he would be destroying only those relics of feudal structure (and mercantilist logic) that prevent what he regards as the natural law of economy from operating freely.

Despite his materialistic ideas and his wide acquaintance with men of affairs, Smith personally is an unworldly man who once became so absorbed in an idea that he walked out his door and meandered 15 miles before he realized that he was in his dressing gown. His only dissipation is whist, which he plays to little profit.

This epic poet of adventurous enterprise is a quiet bachelor devoted to his mother. He wrote much of his book while in retreat in the small town (pop. 1,500) in which he was born 53 years ago—Kirkcaldy, a sail across the Firth of

Forth from Edinburgh. He was briefly kidnaped by gypsies at the age of four, but this seems to be the only personal adventure ever to have befallen him. His head trembles from a nervous affliction, and he has an odd side-to-side gait.

Nor does he move in a much straighter line as a writer. He is unable to resist just one more illustration, even if it means forgetting the point. The topics covered in his book range from A (as in Abyssinian salt) to Z (as in Zeno of Elea). He discourses upon the rise and fall of cities since the Roman Empire, the possibilities for growing grapes in Scotland, the rules for transmitting property among the Tartars, and of course the "Revolt of our American Colonies." Smith writes: "The rulers of Great Britain have, for more than a century past, amused the people with the imagination that they possess a great empire on the west side of the Atlantic. This empire, however, has hitherto existed in imagination only."

Smith's treatise corrects outdated illusions about political economy—another kingdom that has often existed in the imagination only. His achievement is to draw the first map showing how the commercial affairs of nations really work. Perhaps it will also provide guideposts for a new American nation.

SHIPPING Fortunes at Sea

The advertisement in the *Boston Gazette* made it sound like a holiday: "All those jolly fellows who love their country and want to make their fortune at one stroke, to repair immediately to the Rendezvous at the head of Hancock's Wharf, where they will be received with a hearty welcome by a number of brave fellows there assembled and treated with that excellent liquor called grog..." When a band of fortune hunters gathers in response to such a lure, these "brave fellows" are soon recruited into the growing forces of legalized buccaneers whom General Washington calls "our rascally privateersmen."

Rascally they may be, but the privateersmen are providing the embargo-ridden American economy with badly needed supplies and giving employment to thousands of Americans thrown out of work by the British blockade. Privateering was legalized throughout the Colonies by the Continental Congress only this past March, and today the privateer fleet already totals 136 ships with 1,360 guns—far outnumbering the Navy's 31 vessels and 586 guns. Of the nearly 50 British ships captured since last November, the large majority have been seized by privateers. So privateering is becoming big business (it is estimated, for example, that Providence, Rhode Island, gained £300,000 from privateering and

AMERICAN PRIVATEER *LEE* WITH THE CAPTURED BRITISH ORDNANCE BRIG *NANCY*

shipbuilding in about twelve months, double the value of all its property in 1774), but it is not always very "jolly." Among the recent clashes:

► On June 6, the 14-gun brig *Yankee Hero* chased what it thought was a large unarmed merchantman off Newburyport, Massachusetts. The large vessel dropped the disguise from its gunports and revealed itself as the 34-gun British frigate *Milford*. When Captain James Tracy refused to surrender, the *Milford's* guns pounded the *Yankee Hero* for two hours, killing or disabling nearly half its 40 crewmen. Tracy, wounded in the thigh, managed to gasp, "Strike the colors," then fainted.

► On June 29, the six-gun brig *Nancy* was smuggling West Indian gunpowder to Philadelphia when she was trapped by British warships. Under cover of fog, her crew beached her off Cape May, New Jersey, and unloaded 265 barrels of powder—leaving behind just enough for a large explosion. They then lit a long fuse to a keg of powder and fled. Five of the British boats emerged from the fog and sent boarding parties onto the *Nancy*. Just as they took possession, with three cheers, the cached gunpowder went off. Says one witness: "Eleven dead bodies have since come on shore with two gold-laced hats and a leg with a garter."

The increase in privateering has been slow and intermittent, like the war itself. The first official use of Continental privateers occurred outside Boston last October, even before the congressional authorization. General Washington, lacking any naval cruisers to attack the British ships bringing supplies to the forces besieged inside the city, hired vessels to start making raids. Within a month, one of them, the *Lee*, made a

major catch—the ordnance brigantine *Nancy*, loaded with 2,000 muskets and bayonets, 3,000 rounds of 12-pound shot, a large supply of gunpowder, flints and a huge mortar.

To the victims, privateering is hardly different from piracy, but it has long been sanctioned by the laws of war. Both Congress and the individual colonies are now issuing privateering commissions and letters of marque (the latter to merchant ships that want to carry commercial cargo as well as arms for raiding). A captured cargo must be brought back before an Admiralty court, condemned, and sold at auction. The privateersman finances his own ship and sells to other backers a share in all captured goods. Even the officers and crew work for their portion—a third to a half share of the booty. If they are caught, they risk being hanged for piracy, since the British do not yet recognize the legality of American privateers, but no privateer has yet been punished by anything worse than imprisonment or impressment into the British Navy.

Despite all the risks, the rewards of privateering can be enormous. Elias Hasket Derby of Salem, for example, turned to privateering last March only after British warships had wrecked four of his vessels—and he expects this year's earnings from raiding to total more than £40,000. Other notables who have invested in these speculative ventures include Congressman Robert Morris of Philadelphia, the Cabots of Boston, and even, despite his criticisms, General Washington. So has Washington's artillery officer, Colonel Henry Knox. Says he: "I am exceedingly anxious to effect something in these fluctuating times, which may make us lazy for life."

TECHNOLOGY Towering Waterworks

The impending battle for New York jeopardizes the future of one of the most ambitious engineering projects in America: Christopher Colles' plan to provide a public water system for all the 22,000 inhabitants of New York City.

Except for a few wealthy citizens who dig private wells in their back gardens, New Yorkers get most of their water from a haphazard network of more than 100 public pumps. In addition, bands of "tea-water men" fill up their carts at springs near Fresh Water Pond, north of the city, and then sell the water in the streets for 3 pence a hogshead. But New York pump water is brackish, so much so that horses of out-of-town strangers refuse to drink it.

European cities with similar problems have tried for years to build water systems powered by horses, paddle wheels or even windmills, but they have usually proved inadequate. Boston and Philadelphia still depend on a random collection of pumps and wells, and only the small Moravian settlement of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, can boast an efficient system, which pumps spring water to a hilltop reservoir and then uses gravity to pipe it down through the town.

Now enter Christopher Colles, 37, who emigrated from Ireland only five years ago and wants to apply the Bethlehem system to all of New York. This may seem visionary but nothing is too visionary for Colles.

Two years ago, he persuaded the city's Common Council to approve his plan for a water system. The council is-

THE ECONOMY

sued notes for £2,600 to get the project started. Almost half went to buy nearly two acres of high land on Great George Street, where Colles decided to build a roofed wooden reservoir of 10 by 60 by 140 feet holding 628,000 gallons. The rest was invested in the key part of Colles' scheme: a steam engine. Although there are a number of these devices in Europe, only one was ever shipped to America, to pump out a copper mine in New Jersey, and it was destroyed by fire in 1773. Colles decided, however, to build one of his own, and the 18-inch cylinder was cast in New York last year. (Said the *New York Gazetteer*: "The first performance of the kind ever attempted in America and allowed by the judges to be extremely well executed.") This spring Colles was finally ready to test his creation, and when he demonstrated that it could pump 200 gallons per minute from a 50-foot well up to the reservoir, he unfurled a flag that could be seen all the way to Bowling Green.

By now the council has raised almost £7,000 in additional funds and has contracted for 60,000 feet of hollowed pine logs to be converted into more than 10 miles of pipes to service 67 streets and alleys. But can Colles get the job finished? As of last week, work had come to a virtual halt, for many laborers are fleeing the city, and those who remain are needed in the construction of fortifications.

ENTREPRENEURS Prince of Pottery

The Cherokee Indians were surprised and puzzled a few years ago to learn that an Englishman wanted to buy five tons of clay in the Carolina mountains. But Josiah Wedgwood usually gets what he wants. He offered the Indians £500 for the material and had it shipped back to London.

In the Midlands of England, Josiah Wedgwood wanted a canal to connect the Trent and Mersey rivers. So he pushed the necessary legislation through Parliament, contributed £1,000 to the cost of the project, and devoted more than ten years to getting it finished. It will open next year, a 93-mile marvel that extends through 75 locks and will reduce transportation costs from 10 pence a ton-mile to 1½ pence.

When Empress Catherine II of Russia ordered a set of cream-colored Queen's Ware like the one that Josiah Wedgwood had made for Queen Charlotte (cost: £52), he wanted her to have something better. So he had the 952-piece set decorated with 1,244 hand-painted views of English landscapes (cost: £3,000).

From such various activities, it is easy to see that Josiah Wedgwood not only gets what he wants but that his wants are conceived on a very grand scale. They have served to make him

TRUSTEES OF THE WEDGWOOD MUSEUM, BARLASTON



DETAIL OF GEORGE STUBBS' VIEW OF WEDGWOOD WITH WIFE AND CHILDREN
Riches out of simple ideas, like standardizing the size of plates.

one of the richest manufacturers in England and an exemplar of the modern type of merchant. Yet he was born to relative poverty 46 years ago, the 13th and youngest child of a potter in Staffordshire. His schooling ended at the age of eight, when his father died, and he had to go to work as an apprentice in a pottery run by an older brother. He became an expert thrower on the wheel, but an attack of small pox led to an infection and chronic weakness in his right knee. (Constantly bothered by the condition, Wedgwood finally decided a few years ago to have his leg amputated.)

Unable to continue at the potter's wheel, Wedgwood turned to other aspects of the trade, trying out different mixtures of colored clays and various glazes. His brother disapproved of his constant experimenting and refused to make him a partner, so Wedgwood tried two other partnerships, then started a small business of his own. He had ideas for basic improvements that now seem obvious: standardized sizes, for example, so that plates could more easily be stored in piles. And instead of letting one craftsman toil over each plate, Wedgwood introduced a division of labor for faster production. He also had a way of treating important customers so that, as he says, "they will, by being consulted and flatter'd agreeably, consider themselves as sort of parties in the affair."

Wedgwood's business expanded so quickly that within ten years he had built a new factory (cost: more than £3,000), opened a London showroom, and started work on a whole village for his workers, to be named Etruria. As a prominent businessman, Wedgwood repeatedly urged Parliament to build new highways and canals to aid commerce. As a man who remembered his own lack of education he contributed to-

ward two free schools for the poor.

Still experimenting, Wedgwood is now concentrating mainly on a new product that he calls Jasper Ware because it is almost as shiny as jasper. Wedgwood was the first to discover that clay containing barium compounds can be more highly polished than any other and can be beautifully colored by various metallic oxides. To exploit the classical revival started by the recent excavations in Pompeii, Wedgwood is embossing his Jasper Ware with



FOR THE EMPRESS'S DINNERS
Cost: £3,000.

bas-relief of Greek and Roman figures.

Although Wedgwood has many American customers, the war has halted such trade. Wedgwood is undismayed, however. He is sympathetic to the American cause (he protests against "the absurdity, folly and wickedness of our whole proceedings with America"). Ever the businessman, Wedgwood fully expects to have a new and improved line of tableware ready to sell in America as soon as the war is over

MISS M. MELLANBY DELUORN, PAINE ART CENTER

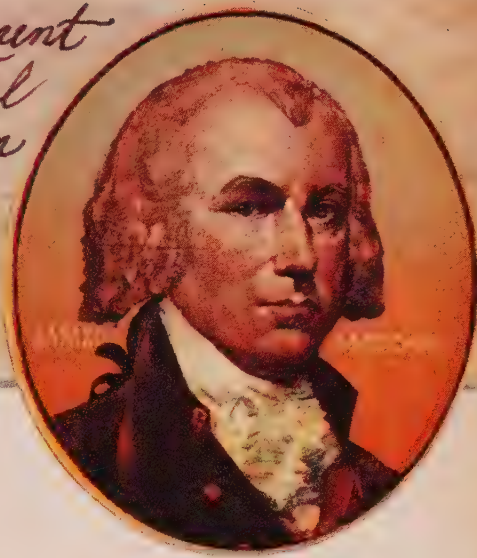
ENTERPRISE: A NEGLECTED FREEDOM?



*Agriculture, Manufacture, Commerce, and Navigation,
the four Pillars of our Prosperity, are the most
thriving when left to individual Enterprise.*

Th Jefferson

*There are more Instances of the abridgment
of the freedom of the people by gradual
and silent Encroachments of those in
power than by violent and sudden
usurpations. James Madison*



Individual enterprise, as Thomas Jefferson noted, was the foundation for the pillars of American prosperity two centuries ago. In fact, it was largely the enterprise of individuals and organizations seeking private gain, or profit, that spurred the founding of the colonies in the century before the break with England.

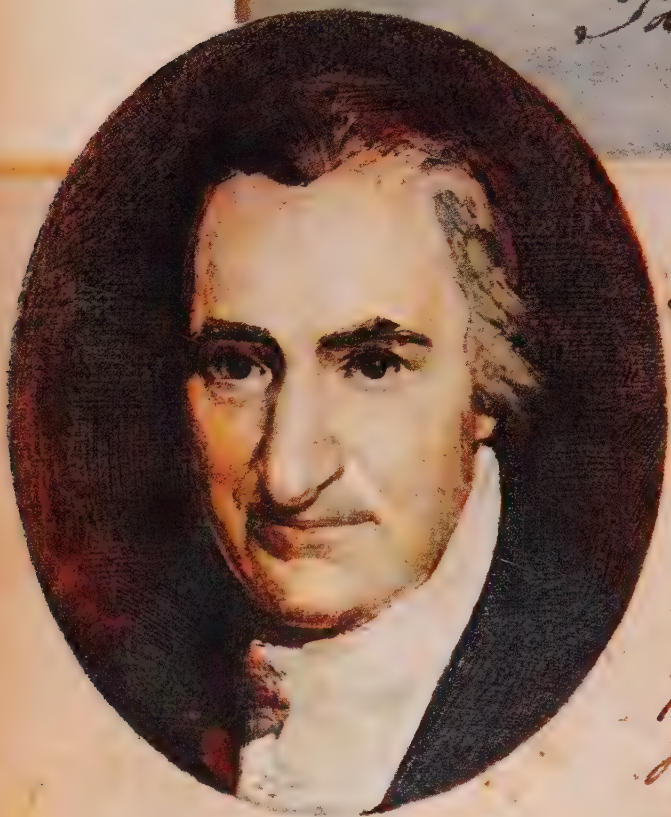
Every school child knows that the Revolution was a struggle for freedom. What is often overlooked is that one of the basic liberties for which the colonies fought was the freedom of enterprise—the freedom to develop without the economic constraints imposed by England. The founding fathers were deeply influenced by Adam Smith's philosophy of economic independence, so it was significant that the Declaration of Independence appeared in the same year as another historic declaration—Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

In the two hundred years of America's growth, freedom of enterprise has been tightly interwoven with our other basic freedoms. It has provided a unique climate for invention, for innovation and for competition that has allowed our people to achieve an unparalleled living standard. In short, it was and is the most effective, efficient economic system ever devised.

Now, however, we hear increasing calls for constraints on our economic freedom. Calls for more government controls, more government

Perfect freedom is as necessary
to the health and vigor of
commerce as it is to the
health and vigor of Citizenship.

Patrick Henry



In the Progress of Politics
as in the common
occurrences of Life we
are not only apt to
forget the ground we
have traveled over, but
frequently neglect to
gather up experience
as we go.

J Paine

We have too many high-sounding
words, and too few Actions
that correspond with them.

Abigail Adams





*Not only the wealth but the
Independence and Security of a
country appear to be materially
connected with the Prosperity
of manufactures.
A Hamilton*

regulations, more government restrictions. Many are directed at the energy business, but they have implications for all business, indeed for all Americans.

Ironically, the people who seek to inhibit economic freedom are often the ones who cry the loudest for other kinds of liberties. They do not accept the fact that all our freedoms are woven into the same cloth, and that if one is weakened, the others will be weakened also.

Now, at this special time in our history, Americans should remember that our freedoms are inseparable. Freedom of enterprise is essential to our economic growth and well being, to create more and better jobs, more energy, more security—and the capital that they demand. Furthermore, this same freedom of enterprise can generate the funds needed to continue the impressive social progress achieved in recent years.

The more we study history, the more we will respect the wisdom of the men who founded this country. They knew that freedom was both priceless and fragile. And they told us to treat it with great care. That is America's heritage—and America's challenge.

*From the People of Continental Oil Company
on the Occasion of their First Centennial.*

Continental Oil Company, High Ridge Park, Stamford, Connecticut 06904



1875-1975

BRITAIN

Aggressive King, Divided Nation

Since the fastest ships still take a month or more to cross the Atlantic, the British obviously do not yet know about the Declaration of Independence. Just after Parliament recessed on May 23, however, TIME's London correspondent assessed the mood of the kingdom and found a mixture of Tory arrogance and Whig protest that can only be strengthened by the Declaration. His report:

This is the year, the British government promises, that the Rebellion in America will be crushed. "Once those Rebels have felt a smart blow, they will submit," predicts King George III, while Colonial Secretary Lord George Germain confidently talks of victory in one vigorous campaign. The vacillations of Lord North, the head of the government, seem ended: he now demands that the Americans be reduced to "a proper constitutional state of obedience."

And so, despite serious domestic opposition, the government is turning its entire power against those "ungrateful monsters," as one Tory journalist calls the Americans. "If they are condemned unheard, it is because there is no need of a trial," thunders Dr. Samuel Johnson, London's leading literary figure and a confirmed anti-American.* "The

*Johnson once called the Colonists "a race of convicts [that] ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging."

crime is manifest and notorious. Their deliberations were indecent and their intentions seditious."

The Navy, which North had allowed to fall greatly below strength in the early '70s, is rapidly being expanded. The number of seamen will almost double, from last year's 16,000 to 28,000, and new ships are being outfitted at Chatham, Plymouth and Portsmouth. Press gangs are out nightly along the Thames



NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

LORD NORTH IN ROBES OF OFFICE

THE FEMALE COMBATANTS



to find able-bodied men—and some not so able-bodied. Relying on the peaceful words of the Bourbon Kings of France and Spain, the Admiralty has sent most of its active war vessels—24 ships of the line and 20 frigates—to form an ever growing fleet off the American coast.

The Army, which raised 200,000 men only 15 years ago in the war against France, is trying to recruit 55,000 to conquer the Americans, who are thought to be no match for well-trained European troops. Reflecting a general sentiment, the Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, says that the Americans are "raw, undisciplined, cowardly men." For lack of volunteers to fight what many consider a civil war, however, the government has turned abroad, first, and in vain, to Russia (see page 53), then to Britain's traditional allies in northern Germany. Nearly 18,000 mercenaries were hired earlier this year (at an ini-

tial cost of about £128,000 plus annual subsidies of £125,000) from the German principalities of Brunswick, Hesse-Cassel and Hanau. More than 16,000 have already set sail for the Colonies. Indeed, at least one-third of Britain's expeditionary force is likely to be German.

To provide for the accelerated war, much of Britain's industry has been mobilized. Yorkshire looms are supplying soldiers' uniforms, and Chatham sail- and ropemakers are working overtime to help equip ships for the Atlantic convoys. Other manufacturers throughout the kingdom are equally busy providing linen, shirts and blankets—not to mention muskets and cannon. To feed the Germans, farmers are being asked to grow more cabbages.

The North regime's belligerence is even more impressive considering the opposition it faces. Even important segments of the military have made clear their disapproval. Lieutenant General Sir Jeffrey Amherst and Admiral Augustus Keppel, two highly esteemed officers, have said that they would serve against any European enemy but not against the Americans. Indeed, at least nine general officers reportedly turned down the American command before General Howe accepted it.

In the House of Commons, the Whig opposition is led by Edmund Burke, 47, an Irishman who has become America's most eloquent defender, and Charles James Fox, 27, a witty, rakish aristocrat who is serious about only one thing, politics. In the House of Lords, the Whig leader is the Marquis of Rockingham, who is given credit for decency and honesty but is not an effective politician. In both houses, the opposition can count on about one-third of the vote. Its speakers have opposed the King's policy almost every day during the debates of the last session. Inveighing against the "cruel civil war," 19 Lords signed a dissenting petition last October. Said they: "We [shall not] be able to preserve by mere force that vast continent and that growing multitude of resolute freemen who inhabit it, even if that or any other country was worth governing against the inclination of all its inhabitants." With typical wit, Fox made the same argument to Lord North in the House of Commons: "Lord Chatham [government leader when Canada was taken from the French], the King of Prussia, nay, Alexander the Great never gained more in one campaign than the noble Lord has lost. He has lost a whole continent." Colonel Isaac Barré, a fiery speaker whose face was disfigured at the Battle of Quebec, cried out: "Give us back our Colonies! You have lost America! It is your ignorance, blunders, cowardice which have lost America."

Opposition newspapers, whose cir-

The Resolution of Farmer George

"George, be a king!" his mother commanded him, and no one can say that George III, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Brunswick and Lüneburg, Arch-Treasurer and Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, has not done his best. The first English-born monarch since Queen Anne died more than 60 years ago, George proudly proclaimed in his first speech from the throne that he "gloried in the name of Briton." Yet paradoxically, his patriotism, combined with the dogmatic, unyielding temperament he has shown since childhood, has torn apart the British Empire he inherited 16 years ago.

George, now 38, was only twelve when his father Frederick, Prince of Wales, died in 1751 from internal injuries caused by a blow from a cricket ball. A scheming, irascible man, Frederick was totally alienated from his own parents, George II and Queen Caroline ("If I was to see him in hell," Caroline said of her son, "I should feel no more for him than I should for any other rogue that ever went there"). He saw little more of young George, who never speaks of him even now.

After Frederick's death, George's mother, the domineering Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, took on the full responsibility for his upbringing. She gave him her own self-righteousness and kept him away from other boys, who she felt might corrupt him. Princess Augusta was equally stern with George's four brothers. Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester in an unhappy mood one day, she sharply asked why he was so silent. "I am thinking," he told her. "Thinking, Sir! And of what?" she demanded. "I am thinking," he replied, "that if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me."

One of George's tutors, Lord Waldegrave, writes that the young prince had commendable resolution but far too much obstinacy. Adds Waldegrave: "He has great command of his passions, and will seldom do wrong—except when he mistakes wrong for right." Lacking a father, George has always depended on older men for advice. Passionately attracted as a youth to the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, he let Lord Bute, his mother's favorite adviser and his own mentor, talk him out of marriage. "I submit my happiness to you," he wrote Bute, "who are the best of friends, whose friendship I value if possible above my love for the most charming of her sex." When Bute said no, George and his advisers agreed on Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, sight unseen.

*On Anne's death, Parliament awarded the Crown to the nearest Protestant heir, James I's great-grandson George, Elector of Hannover, and great-grandfather of the present King.

George is said by those who were present to have winced at his first glimpse of his exceedingly homely bride-to-be, but true to his fashion, he gamely said his marriage vows a few hours after her arrival.

Unlike the first two Hanoverian Kings, both of whom kept mistresses, George has been a devoted husband and father. Up at 6, he attends chapel with Charlotte and their eleven children at 8. A firm believer in hard exercise, he rides every day, rain or shine, for three or four hours and often ends the evening with several hours of simple country dancing. His other habits are equally Spartan. Lunch is usually nothing more than tea and bread and butter; dinner is often boiled mutton and turnips, washed down with barley water. He dresses plainly, and he will not even allow a rug on his bedroom floor, calling such a luxury an effeminacy.

As hard-working as he is, George does not have a nimble intelligence, and his personal tastes run toward the mediocre—and mediocrities. His favorite poet, for example, is James Beattie, a Scot who writes romantic sentimental verse ("When in the crimson cloud of even, / The lingering light decays, / And Hesper on the front of Heaven / His glistening gem displays"). He loves the theatre, but would much rather see a pantomime or farce than Shakespeare, who is not one of his favorites. He is suspicious of all innovations and innovators. To give him his due, however, he seems to recognize his intellectual shortcomings, and has been heard to complain that his early education was sadly neglected. Still, despite the neglect and his mother's obvious harshness, George and Charlotte dutifully visited the old lady at her residence in Carlton House three times a week until her death in 1772.

Sophisticated Londoners jest about the dullness of George and his court. The King has no small talk, and for want of anything better to say, he is likely to end half his conversations with a hearty "What? What?" and the other half with a "Hey? Hey?" Still, George is pleased by every sign of his personal popularity with ordinary Englishmen—at least until the start of the war—and he enjoys the nickname, based on his love of rural outings, "Farmer George."

If he is the first truly English King since Charles II, George is also the first King since the fallen Stuarts to rule as well as reign. His grandfather would content himself with such trivia as choosing military uniforms and mastering the intricacies of court etiquette—leaving matters of policy to his Prime Minister, the great Robert Walpole. George III, by contrast, has chosen a First Minister he can dominate, the fat, indolent Lord North, and he involves

himself in all kinds of matters, from the appointment of an obscure curate to a country parish to the planning of future military campaigns in the Colonies.

George views the American Rebellion as an almost personal affront. There are no grays in his view, only stark blacks and whites, wrongs and rights. Over and over, he emphasizes that "those deluded people" have forgotten their duty, to him and to England. "Every means of distressing America must



GEORGE III IN A PENSIVE MOOD

meet with my concurrence," he wrote Lord North last year, "as it tends to bringing them to feel the necessity of returning to their duty." He quoted to North with approval the opinion of Major General Frederick Haldimand, one of the government's leading experts on America, that "nothing but force can bring them to reason . . . and till they have suffered for their conduct, it would be dangerous to give ear to any propositions they might transmit."

This year he urged quicker military action against the Rebels on Lord Sandwich, the First Lord of the Admiralty, adding that "we must show that the English lion when roused has not only his wonted resolution, but has added the swiftness of the race horse." A more compromising or less obstinate man might yet regain the Colonists' loyalty, but George, who is in many ways a model King, lacks a very important royal virtue—flexibility.



CHIEF OPPONENTS OF THE KING'S POLICIES: CHARLES JAMES FOX & EDMUND BURKE
They already accuse the royal ministers of having lost a continent.

culcation has increased because of war news, are equally sharp. The *St. James's Chronicle* (circ. 2,000) calls the North ministry the most "obstinately cruel and diabolically wicked" ever to inhabit the earth. The *Kentish Gazette* daringly writes of the "corrupt influence of the Crown"—the King is traditionally immune from such criticism—and says that "our brave American fellow-subjects are not yet corrupted, but gloriously stand up in defense of their undoubted rights and liberties." In a pamphlet that has sold 60,000 copies, an almost unheard-of number, Dr. Richard Price, a Unitarian minister, bluntly argues the Colonists' case: "What have they done? Have they crossed the ocean and invaded us? ... On the contrary. This is what we have done to them ... And yet it is we who imagine ourselves ill used."

The war is also unpopular in many working-class towns. Lots of people have relatives in America, and they feel as abused as the Colonists by King and Parliament. Army recruiters are lucky if they escape unharmed in some places. In one town the whole recruiting party was severely beaten and its drum was broken to bits; several other towns have agreed not to send even a single man into service. One officer writes about the "invincible dislike of all ranks of people to the American service." John Wesley, the Methodist leader, who is not himself pro-American, has written to a friend: "The bulk of the people heartily despise His Majesty and hate him with a perfect hatred. They wish to imbrue their hands in his blood."

Still, the opposition is unlikely to stop the war or even slow it so long as King George and his majority in Parliament support it. The King directs the

government on essential matters of policy, and he is more belligerent even than most of his ministers. Through his ability to grant sinecures, offer jobs and give outright cash bribes—not to mention his unquestioned power to appoint new members to the House of Lords—George has firm control of at least a third of the members of both houses, the "King's Friends," while another third can almost always be counted on to fall into line.

The opposition, though often eloquent, is divided, dispirited and lacking the fiery leadership of someone like Lord Chatham. (Now 67, ill and half mad, he rarely even visits Westminster.) The merchants and manufacturers who depended on the £4 million American trade were earlier among the most influential opponents of the war, but so far the hostilities have done relatively little harm, since British businessmen have found new customers in Russia, Spain and Italy for Birmingham steel, Manchester cotton and Yorkshire woollens. They seem largely unaware of Whig estimates that the fighting will cost roughly £10 million a year (with the national debt already something like £130 million). As for the press, with a combined readership of perhaps 400,000 out of a population of 8.7 million, it has less influence than it would like to believe.

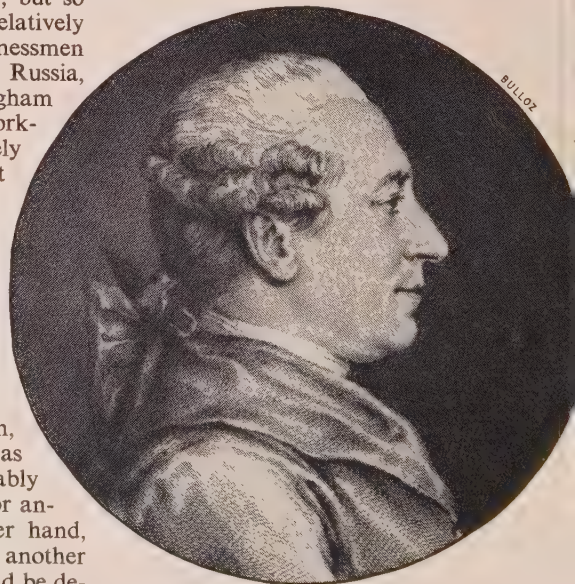
If the North government can, in fact, end the war this year, as it pledges, the Tories will probably remain entrenched in power for another generation. On the other hand, if the war should drag on for another year or two—or if Britain should be defeated—there may very well be a political upheaval.

DIPLOMACY Figaro in Disguise

When Congress appointed an envoy earlier this year to negotiate for badly needed French arms, it did not know that the task was already nearly completed—by the French themselves. The man behind the move: French Foreign Minister Charles Gravier, Comte de Vergennes. His agent extraordinary: Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, author of the popular comedy, *The Barber of Seville*. Together, they have been maneuvering for well over a year to win greater support for the American Patriots.

Both Vergennes and Beaumarchais have faced the steady opposition of the new monarch, Louis XVI, who inclines toward pacifism, and of former Finance Minister Anne Robert Turgot, who maintains that France's Treasury cannot afford a possible conflict with Britain and that the American Colonies will eventually win their freedom anyway. Vergennes, however, has never forgiven Britain for stripping France of most of its colonies after the French and Indian War. He sees the American Rebellion as a means of getting back at Britain, that "rapacious, unjust and faithless enemy."

Vergennes's undercover agent, Beaumarchais, 44, is the brash son of a watchmaker. By charm and ability, he worked his way into the salons of French aristocracy, and he won Vergennes's confidence in two previous secret missions to London. He first bought up and destroyed the alleged memoirs of Madame du Barry, mistress to the late King Louis XV. He returned to London last year to negotiate for the return of some incriminating documents about a proposed French invasion of England. One of Louis XV's secret agents, the Chevalier



AGENT CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS
He helped persuade a king.

Charles d'Eon de Beaumont, had threatened to turn the documents over to the British government unless he received a substantial sum of money from the French Crown.*

Beaumarchais's dispatches from London on the American situation, backed up by reports from a French agent in Philadelphia, argued that French aid could be decisive for the colonial cause—and yet not force a war between France and Britain. "It is the English, Sire, whom you need to humiliate and weaken," Beaumarchais wrote to Louis last winter, "if you do not wish to be humiliated and weakened yourself on every occasion." Without French help, he warned, the Americans might give up their fight and join with the British to take away France's rich sugar islands in the West Indies. "Believe me, Sire, the saving of a few millions today may soon cause a great deal of blood to flow and money to be lost to France ... This danger [of war with Britain] can be averted if the plan be adopted which I have so often proposed, to aid the Americans secretly."

Beaumarchais's entreaties and warnings, combined with Vergennes's eloquence, convinced Louis only two months ago, and the King authorized the secret expenditure of 1 million livres, or about £43,000, to help arm the Americans. The Spanish government, which also fears British designs on its Caribbean and American colonies, is expected to add another 1 million livres to the French project next month.

Using the façade of an international merchant, Beaumarchais has set up a company, Roderique Hortalez & Cie., in the former Dutch embassy in Paris. The company is to buy arms and ammunition from French arsenals and ship them to America, either directly or through islands in the Caribbean, where they will be exchanged for American products, then forwarded to America. If the Americans run out of produce or cannot deliver on time, the arms will be shipped on credit. If they do have valuable goods, Roderique Hortalez & Cie.—meaning Beaumarchais and two partners—stands to make a sizable profit. Either way, the Americans get the arms.

Officials in London may be excused if they are confused by the whole scheme. Figaro, the Barber of Seville, is a master of disguises and deceptions in a good cause. So, apparently, is his creator Beaumarchais.

*D'Eon, 47, is himself—or herself—an extraordinary person. Dressed as a beautiful woman, he won the confidence of Russia's Empress Catherine in 1755 and was instrumental in forging an alliance between France and Russia. Dressed as a man, he won the friendship of England's King George III and sent back useful information to Paris. To this day no one is certain whether he is indeed male or female, but Louis XVI has promised to let him return to France if he henceforth sticks to the nonpolitical role of a woman.

CHINA

Manchu on the March

China's Manchu Emperor Ch'ien-lung, 64, who likes to spend his afternoons writing poetry and practicing calligraphy, has just won another smashing victory on the battlefield. After five years of struggle against rebellious tribes in the mountains of Szechwan, the Emperor's troops laid siege to the rebels' main stone fortress, constructed cannons on the spot and in March forced it to surrender. Ch'ien-lung's armies, which earlier defeated the Mongolians and Tibetans, have by now expanded his empire by some 600,000 square

"KU-KUNG," PALACE MUSEUM, PEKING



ITALIAN JESUIT'S PORTRAIT OF CH'EN-LUNG ADMIRING HIS ART COLLECTION
And 15,000 calligraphers are copying all the worthiest books.

miles, notably in Sinkiang. He thus rules more land than any past Emperor.

Now at the pinnacle of his power, after a reign of 40 years, the Manchu ruler is engaged in an enormous program of cultural improvements. Some 15,000 calligraphers have been engaged to make handwritten copies of 10,000 books for the nation's half-dozen main libraries. (No books critical of the Manchus are permitted, however.) The Emperor is also subsidizing hundreds of poets and painters to exalt Chinese achievements.

In all this military and cultural display, the Emperor appears to be ignoring a future problem. Partly because of the Manchus' imposition of political stability, and partly because such newly introduced American foods as maize and peanuts can be grown on marginal lands, China's population is virtually exploding. The increase in the 132 years since the founding of the dynasty: from 100 million to nearly 300 million.

■ ■ ■

Just to the south of Ch'ien-lung's empire, a new civil war is raging among the Vietnamese. Chief victors so far: the three Tay Son brothers, Nhac, Lu and Hué, who started a rebellion four years ago against the tyrannical and inefficient regime of the Nguyen family. Originally bandits in the Robin Hood style, the Tay Sons soon gathered enough peasant supporters to challenge the Nguyen armies in the field. This spring they captured the settlement of Ta Ngon (pronounced Saigon), and the eldest of the brothers proclaimed himself "Vuong" (King).

While Nguyens were fighting Tay Sons in the south, the Trinh family, which rules the north, decided to break

a 100-year truce and recapture the southern region that had split away in 1613. They managed to seize the southern capital of Hué last year, but the Tay Son brothers intercepted them in Quang Nam and halted their advance. Prospect: further bloodshed and confusion.

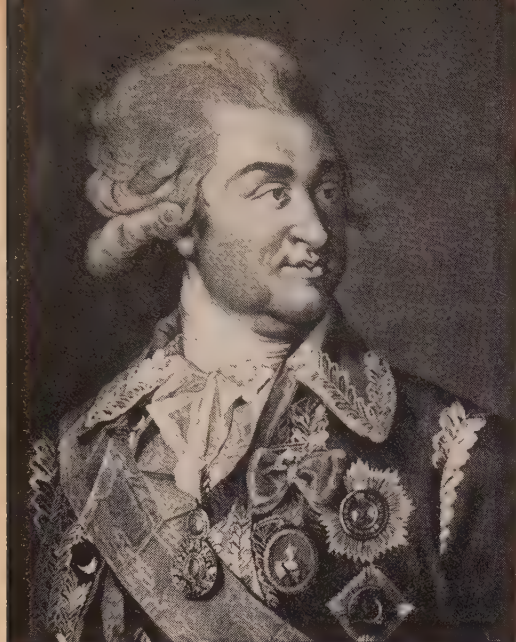
RUSSIA

Au Revoir, Potemkin?

When the British first began searching for mercenary forces to put down the American Rebellion, they turned not to the German princelings of Hesse and Brunswick but to mighty Empress Catherine II of Russia. They even made a formal offer of £7 per man for 20,000 of her infantrymen, to set sail this spring. Catherine rejected the plan as "undignified." Besides, said she, "I am just beginning to enjoy peace."

She was hardly exaggerating. Only four years have passed since she joined

THE WORLD



GRIGORI ALEXANDROVICH POTEMKIN

Roman Empire, Count of the Russian Empire, recipient of Prussia's Black Eagle decoration, Denmark's White Elephant and Sweden's Holy Seraphim? It apparently leaves him maneuvering to retain his power by appealing solely to the Empress's judgment rather than her emotions.

French Chargé d'Affaires Marie-Daniel Bourrée, Chevalier de Corberon, has already reported to Paris that "Potemkin's reign is drawing to a close, even though he is smiled upon." Swedish Envoy Baron Frederik Nolcken speaks of the prince's "feigned or real disgrace." British Chargé Richard Oakes believes "his favor to be absolutely at an end," and furthermore "it would not be surprising to see him end his career in a monastery."

If these current predictions in St. Petersburg come true, which is by no means certain, it would mark the end

called him to St. Petersburg two years ago. There he encountered fading Favorite Orlov on a stairway and asked him: "Any news?" Said Orlov: "Only that you are going up and I am coming down."

Once Catherine had appointed Potemkin her adjutant general, the traditional title in such cases,* she was lavish in her rewards. In addition to his regular monthly allowance of 12,000 rubles (£2,200), he received special presents on festive occasions, often 100,000 rubles at a time, as well as jewels, furs and royal lands. Potemkin is now one of the largest landowners in Russia—yet he spends so prodigally that his debts are estimated at 200,000 rubles. Catherine has been equally lavish with her affections. Even though he lives near by, she has written him almost daily letters filled with phrases like "*chéri* . . . my pigeon . . . *mon coeur* . . . my little soul . . . my beloved husband." (Though no marriage has ever been announced, there have been persistent rumors that Catherine and Potemkin were secretly wed in late 1774.)



EMPERESS CATHERINE II IN UNIFORM OF PREOBAZHENSKY GUARDS REGIMENT
After years of war, she is just beginning to enjoy peace.

the Prussians and Austrians in the forcible partition of Poland. Only two years ago, her troops wrested the Crimea from the Turks. Only 18 months ago, the rebel Cossack Yemelyan Pugachev, who had been ravaging one-third of all Russia, was brought to Moscow in an iron cage and beheaded.

So now that Catherine is just beginning to enjoy peace, at the age of 47, the absolute mistress of everything from Kiev to Kamchatka has found a new specimen of what the Russians call a *vremenshchik* (man of the moment). He is Pyotr Zavadovsky, 37, her private secretary, who has moved into the traditional consort's suite just below the Empress's own chambers (and connected to them by a green-carpeted circular stairway). Where does that leave His Serene Highness General Grigori Alexandrovich Potemkin, 36, Prince of the Holy

of the most passionate of Catherine's many passions. Tall, muscular but hardly handsome, sometimes witty, sometimes morose, Prince Potemkin once studied theology but chose the army instead. He thus played a minor role in the 1762 coup by which Catherine and Guards Officer Grigori Orlov overthrew Catherine's weakling husband Peter III. Orlov introduced young Potemkin into court circles, where he at once amused Catherine by imitating her German accent. Orlov soon became jealous, so he and his brother Aleksei picked a quarrel with Potemkin and severely beat him. This is one explanation, though unconfirmed, of how Potemkin lost an eye (hence his nickname, "Cyclops").

Potemkin asked for and received permission to serve as a cavalry officer in the war against Turkey, but Catherine worried about his safety and re-

Potemkin is no lap dog, however. As head of the ministry of war, he is involved in all major national decisions; as governor general of the southern provinces, he is directly responsible for administering the regions most severely affected by the Turkish war. The Empress has consulted him on almost everything, asking him to correct the grammar in her massive correspondence, requesting his views on new music and poetry. Neither Catherine nor Potemkin has any clear policy about the American Revolution, because their main concern at this time is their troublesome neighbor Turkey. If Potemkin remains in power, he will probably continue his aggressive policy toward the Turks, but if he falls, there would be a kind of interregnum while rival courtiers vie for his powers.

Is Catherine actually at the point of deposing Potemkin? With a cool display of indifference, the prince spent most of the past month in a leisurely tour of his southern dominions. He has no intention, however, of staying away from the capital indefinitely. On his return to St. Petersburg, he is planning to move out of the Winter Palace—but only to a hotel near the Hermitage, which is connected to the palace by a private passage. Indeed, some court sources suggest that it was Potemkin himself who actually selected Secretary Zavadovsky as Catherine's new adjutant general because he knows the newcomer is unlikely to threaten the political power that Potemkin still holds.

*Catherine thought so highly of Potemkin that she exempted him from her standard practice of having a prospective new adjutant general first inspected by her Scottish physician, John Rogerson, for any signs of social diseases, and then "tried out" by her friend, Countess Praskovia Bruce, who is known in St. Petersburg as *l'éprouveuse* (literally, "the tester").

EXPLORATIONS

Return to Tahiti

After six months of refitting and provisioning, the two 100-foot barks moored in England's Plymouth Harbor are now so crowded with cows, horses, sheep, goats and geese (also one peacock and one peahen) that Captain James Cook says he would need only "a few females of our own species" to turn the ships into replicas of Noah's ark. Tall, wind-weathered Captain Cook expects to sail this week on the third and probably the last of his trips around the world. His four-year mission: to discover a northwest passage around Canada. If he finds it, he will win the Admiralty's standing reward of £20,000.

The original reason for Cook's voyage is less grandiose. It derives from his last trip (1772-75), when one of his officers insisted on bringing a native Tahitian back to England as a souvenir (and promised that he would eventually be returned home). The Tahitian, a youth named Omai, soon became the pet of London Society. Dressed up in an elaborate frogged coat and sword, he was honored by budding Novelist Fanny Burney, who praised him as a "lyon of lyons." Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a portrait of him in a turban. He was even introduced to King George, whose name he mispronounced as he greeted him: "How do, King Tosh?"

Delighted with London's attentions, Omai began to doubt whether he really wanted to return home, but the Admiralty considered a promise a promise and King George agreed. Cook's vessel, the *Resolution*, and a companion ship, the *Discovery*, were assigned to the expensive task of taking Omai back to Ta-

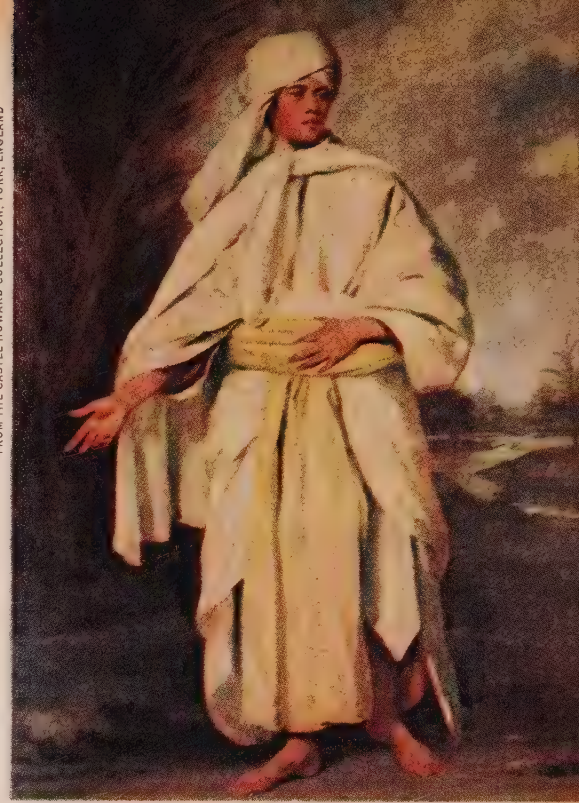
hiti. At the same time, the Admiralty wanted to revive that other project, the search for a northwest passage as a trade route to the Orient. The new approach: searching along the Pacific Coast rather than in Hudson Bay.

That was a natural assignment for Cook, since he was the first to chart large areas of the Pacific (among his discoveries: New Zealand, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Easter Island). Trouble was that the Navy had retired Cook from sea duty last year and made him a captain of the Greenwich Hospital for pensioned sailors, a sinecure that pays £230 a year, as well as a free suite of rooms, firewood and candles. But Cook, still only 47, was restless. To a friend he confided: "A few months ago, the whole southern hemisphere was hardly big enough for me, and now I am going to be confined within the limits of Greenwich Hospital."

The Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty,* decided to test Cook by inviting him to dinner and describing the *Resolution's* new assignment. Despite the fact that his wife Elizabeth was pregnant with their third child, Cook immediately volunteered. Since then, he has been gathering adventurous young crewmen like Astronomer James King, former Dartmouth Student John Ledyard, and Sailing Master William Bligh. Says Cook: "I embark on as fair a prospect as I can wish."

Cook's voyages are not devoted only to exploring. He has demonstrated on

*The earl, a passionate gambler, dislikes rising from the gaming table for the sake of a meal, so he has devised the practice of placing a slice of meat between two pieces of bread, a dish sometimes known as a "sandwich."



TAHITIAN OMAI BY REYNOLDS
"How do, King Tosh?"

his previous trips that fruits and vegetables are the best weapons against scurvy, which sometimes kills as many as half the crewmen on long voyages. He also plans to distribute English animals among Pacific islands to see how they will fare in different climates (hence his arkful of livestock). As for Omai, he too has loaded the *Resolution* with unusual cargo to carry back from England to Tahiti: a portable organ, a suit of armor—and something that his people consider sacred, a large bundle of red feathers.

COOK'S LANDING AT TANNA, NEW HEBRIDES, BY WILLIAM HODGES, MEMBER OF COOK'S SECOND EXPEDITION

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH





HECTOR GARRIDO

DR. RUSH IN GOLFING COSTUME

Philadelphia's best-known physician **Benjamin Rush**, 30, is now busy prescribing to the health of all Americans. A delegate to the Pennsylvania Provincial Conference, he has been an outspoken Patriot since 1773, when he protested the British tea tax by publishing a newspaper article claiming that tea caused nervous disorders. But he has not cut off all ties to his ancestral Britain, and he talks of one sport that he feels

DEBORAH IN PERIL



WALTER RANE

should be imported to America. "There is a large common in which there are several little holes," Rush explained to friends recently. "The game is played with little leather balls stuffed with feathers, and sticks made somewhat in the form of a bandy-wicket, and he who puts a ball into a given number of holes with the fewest strokes gets the game." One puzzled fellow delegate asked what the game was good for. A man who played golf, replied Rush, "would live ten years the longer."

Tall, fair and kin to the Bourbons, he seemed every mother's dream. So when **Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de Sade**, married in 1763 **Renée de Montreuil**, daughter of the honorary president of the Paris Taxation Court, her mother was overjoyed. No sooner had the young couple settled down in his Provençal château than Sade was revealed as an orgiast, among other things. In 1772, police ordered his arrest for trying to poison four prostitutes with the aphrodisiac Spanish fly. Thereupon Sade fled to Italy—not with his wife but with her younger sister, Anne Prospère. The aghast Montreuil now have a warrant out for Sade's arrest, but they cannot catch him. As for Anne Prospère, who is back home again, wailed Mme. de Montreuil: "No one will marry her now!"

Anything Messenger **Paul Revere** can do, **Deborah Champion Gilbert**, 23, can do better. She has disclosed that she served last year as a secret courier for her father, Colonel **Henry Champion**, 53. Caught short without an aide, Champion asked Deborah to ride the 100-plus miles from their New London home through enemy lines to General **George Washington's** Cambridge headquarters. She was carrying the Army's payroll and dispatches. Unlike Revere, who was caught after his ride between Charlestown and Lexington with the news of crucial British troop movements, Deborah got through to Washington himself. She had some anxious moments, however. Stopped at the Connecticut-Massachusetts border, the wind-blown and mud-spattered girl was reportedly dismissed by a redcoat who said, "Well, you're only an old woman anyway." Now married to Connecticut Judge Samuel Gilbert, 42, Deborah is expecting her first child.

In his coonskin cap and buckskin breeches, **Daniel Boone** has to remain constantly on the alert against the Shawnee and Cherokee Indians who are threatening the little settlement he is helping to develop along the Kentucky River. (Two white men were murdered last December, and more than half of the 500 original settlers have returned



BRITISH MUSEUM

SADE HARASSED BY DEMONS

home.) When no hostile Indians are in sight, Boone forages for food, but friends claim that he is too softhearted to shoot small animals. Instead, he prefers a trick called "barking off squirrels." Says one Kentucky tale-teller: "The whip-like report resounded through the woods. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately beneath the squirrel and shivered it into splinters. The concussion killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air."

DANIEL BOONE WITH HIS RIFLE



ULIO KLAVINS

PEOPLE

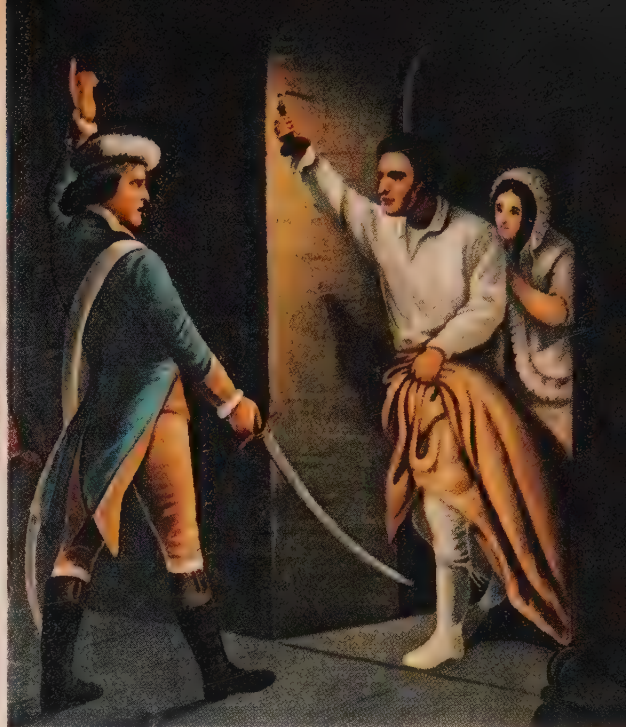
Who is this Frenchman who rates an alexandrine above iambic pentameter and dares insult the memory of **William Shakespeare**? Self-exiled on the shores of Lake Geneva, François-Marie Arouet, better known as **Voltaire**, the author of the satire *Candide*, is preparing a missive on that matter for the Académie Française. He plans to ridicule his countrymen's Anglophilia, specifically a recent translation of Shakespeare that praises the English playwright as a "creative divinity." Ironically, it was Voltaire, now 82, who promoted the craze when in 1734 he made the first translations of Shakespeare into French. Now he is alarmed that he may have subverted *la gloire de France* by recognizing "sparks of genius" in someone "so barbarous, so low, so unbridled and so

luxuries as wool cloth for suits, a couple of beaver hats, several turkeys, sugar loaves and pickled beef.

Germany's most promising young writer has apparently put aside literature in favor of public service. **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**, 26, playwright (*Clavigo*) and novelist (*The Sorrows of Young Werther*), has moved to Weimar, where the new duke, **Karl August**, 19, has just made him a court adviser and member of the Privy Council. Says Goethe of his new life: "'Tis better than the inactive existence at home where, though I had the desire to do much, nothing ever got done. Here I have a couple of duchies . . . The girls here are good-looking and well behaved and I am on good terms with them all.'" Goethe's latest literary efforts, which he keeps in paper bags, include a melancholy love story in verse about the legendary sorcerer Johann Faust and a country girl named Margarete. He occasionally gives readings from this draft but says that he has no idea when it will ever be finished.

Patrick Henry, 40, elected Governor of Virginia at the end of last month, has apparently been suffering a tragedy in secret. As one of his friends says in confirming the rumors, Henry's "soul was bowed down and bleeding under the heaviest sorrows and personal distress." Reason: his wife Sarah, who died last year, had been insane for the three years previous. Mrs. Henry married the Patriot leader in 1754 when she was barely 16; she lost her reason shortly after the birth of their sixth child. Although Virginia's first insane asylum opened in 1773 in Williamsburg, Henry was unwilling to confine his wife there, and so she remained tied up in a straitdress in the basement of their house in Scotchtown. Henry visited her there several times a day whenever he was home, feeding her bowls of gruel and conversing with her, although she understood almost nothing.

The French are still suffering from the failure of last year's harvest, but **Queen Marie Antoinette**, 20, is not. The strawberry-blond Austrian, who came to the throne just two years ago, has been dazzling Parisians with her passion for parties, gambling, jewels



ETHAN ALLEN TAKING FORT TICONDEROGA

—and **Charles, Comte d'Artois**, 18, younger brother of her husband **Louis XVI**. Marie Antoinette and Charles are frequently seen together at the new Paris horse-racing course, cheering on their favorites. The Queen's mother, Austrian Empress **Maria Theresa**, is disturbed about "Toinette," particularly her continued childlessness after six years of marriage. Commenting on her daughter's extravagance, she said: "I hope I shall not live to see the disaster that is likely to ensue." Unrepentant, Marie Antoinette, who is beginning to be called "Mme. Déficit," says, "I am frightened of boredom."

MARIE ANTOINETTE SEATED AT HER HARP



PORTRAIT OF VOLTAIRE

absurd" as William Shakespeare. Voltaire has decreed that the scenes of debauch at the Danish court in *Hamlet* could only have been written by "a drunken savage."

"The enemy gave out I was crazy and wholly unmanned, but my vitals held sound." It seems that **Ethan Allen**, 38, the argumentative hero of Fort Ticonderoga, is giving almost as much trouble to the British as he did when he was commander of the Green Mountain Boys. Seized last year after launching a premature and ill-considered attack on Montreal, Allen was shipped to a castle near Falmouth, England. He was not hanged, apparently because the British feared reprisals. He is now on a British frigate sailing along the American coast—a possible exchange for some captured English officer. Word of Allen's fate came from a fellow prisoner who jumped overboard from a ship in the convoy and swam to the North Carolina shore. He also reported that when the convoy stopped at Cork in February, Allen was greeted ecstatically by sympathetic Irishmen, who showered on Allen such

Portraits and Pioneers

We must change our habits, our prejudices, our palates, our taste in dress, furniture, equipage, architecture, etc., but we can live and be happy.

—John Adams

In this time of patriotism and peril, it may seem frivolous to report on the state of art. But since few lands have ever achieved greatness without producing a great art, Americans should realize that their prospects are none too bright. Indeed, the most dexterous of our artists have already departed for London to make their fortunes there.

Benjamin West, 37, whose Quaker father kept an inn outside Philadelphia, has by now achieved a great success abroad. In fact West transformed the whole art of historical painting in 1770 by insisting that he would paint the death of General Wolfe at Quebec in the costumes and landscape in which it actually occurred, thus overturning the tradition that no hero could ever die except in the robes of ancient Greece, preferably with a temple or two in the background. West was a co-founder with Sir Joshua Reynolds of the Royal Academy of the Arts, and in 1772 King George appointed him historical painter to the court (his most recent commission: a *Death of Stephen*, for which the King proposes to pay £1,000).

AN even more grievous loss is John Singleton Copley, perhaps the greatest painter this country has yet produced. Still only 38, he is just now reaching the peak of his powers. There is scarcely an eminent person in Boston who has not sat for him, and his portrait of Silversmith Paul Revere is masterly. (He has also portrayed many non-Bostonian notables like Thomas Mifflin, who was recently made a brigadier gen-

eral in the Continental Army.) But it was his fortune, or misfortune, to marry the daughter of Boston's most successful dealer in tea, Richard Clarke, and it was Clarke's tea that the Sons of Liberty threw into Boston Harbor. Copley tried unsuccessfully to mediate the dispute between the Patriots and his Tory father-in-law. But he was less concerned with politics than with achieving a greater reputation, which he did not think he could do in Boston. As he lamented in a letter to his half brother: "A taste of painting is too much wanting ... and was it not for preserving the resemblance of particular persons, painting would not be known in the place. The people generally regard it as no more than any other useful trade ...

NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, OTTAWA



DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE BY WEST, WHICH REVOLUTIONIZED HISTORICAL ART

like that of a carpenter, tailor, or shoemaker ... Which is not a little mortifying to me."

So he has gone to Europe to study, and a year ago summoned his wife and children to join him in London—all in fear of some musket volleys at Lexington. Judging from the few examples of his painting that have been seen since his European excursion, he may be in danger of acquiring that overobsequious, overdandified slickness that is the *sine qua non* of the European portraitist.

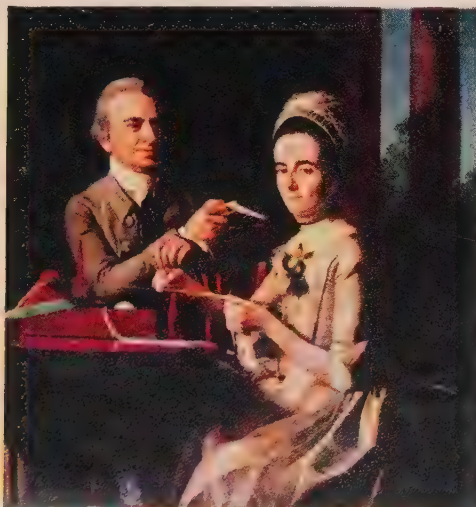
The young Gilbert Stuart, that precocious son of a Rhode Island snuff grinder, who created a stir in Newport even in his teens, has also departed for London. He is only 20 and his future

cannot be predicted, but his talent is evident in his youthful portrait of Mrs. John Bannister and her son. Another unpredictable talent is that of John Trumbull, a year younger than Stuart and born to wealth (as Stuart was not). Trumbull's father, Governor of Connecticut, recognized his son's precocity and enrolled him as a third-year student at Harvard at 15, then observed: "I am sensible of his natural genius and inclination for limning, an art I have frequently told him will be of no use to him." When hostilities seemed imminent, Trumbull joined the Army, served briefly as aide-de-camp to General Washington, and last week joined American forces at Fort Ticonderoga.

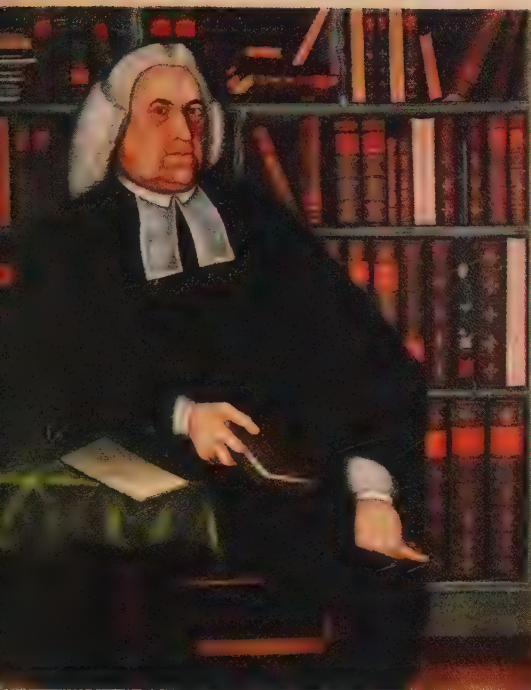
Among those who remain in the embattled Colonies, the master of portrait painting is undoubtedly Charles Willson Peale. If Peale lacks something of Cop-

ley's consummate dexterity at catching a character in mid-gesture, he nevertheless seems more unpretentiously honest; perhaps, it might be said, more distinctively American. Unlike West and his London friends, who often seem to paint at the kneel before their distinguished subjects, Peale has always looked at his sitters eye to eye.

YET Peale almost failed to become a painter at all. He was born with the least of advantages. His father came to the Colonies 40 years ago not because he wanted to but because he was banished for embezzling post office funds. After settling his family in Maryland, across the bay from Annapolis, he set himself up as a school-



MR. & MRS. THOMAS MIFFLIN BY COPLEY



THE REVEREND EBENEZER DEVOTION...

master and died when Peale was only nine. Peale's mother moved her brood to Annapolis, where she did embroidery to sustain her five children and apprenticed Charles (the eldest) to a saddlemaker at the age of twelve. By 20, Peale had married and gone into debt to open his own saddlery. He also diversified into upholstery, harnessmaking and silversmithing.

By chance, he encountered an amateur painter, who showed him some of his works. "They were miserably done," Peale recalled later. "Had they been better, perhaps they would not have led... to the idea of attempting anything in that way." He got some instruction from his neighbor, the established portraitist John Hessilius, and advertised as a sign painter. In 1765, pressed by his Tory creditors for both his debts and his patriotic views, Peale fled Maryland with the sheriff literally at his door. He took advantage of his exile to study briefly

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

in Boston with Copley himself. On his return, the Annapolis gentry were so impressed with his new skills that they forgave him his debts and even raised a fund so that he could go to London and study with West.

After returning two years later, in 1769, he soon attracted all the patronage he could handle, and his reputation spread far. Last month he moved himself and his growing family (two children) to Philadelphia. Among his new commissions, the most impressive is undoubtedly the one he received from John Hancock to paint the portraits of General George Washington and his wife Martha. Several weeks ago, even in the midst of dealing with Congress, the general granted him two sittings in his house on Arch Street. Mrs. Washington has also sat twice for him. Though the portraits are far from finished, visitors have found that Peale has caught the general's best likeness yet—the

bodily presence, ponderous but not paunchy; the look both determined and serene.

Splendid as Peale is, and as Copley was before him, there is another tradition in American art that has been too little appreciated. That is the tradition of the simple journeymen artists who make their living by painting likenesses for pleasantly prosperous people in areas outside our few cities. Like peddlers, they come to the door and inquire whether the master or mistress wants a portrait painted. Their range is the range of their feet (or perhaps their horse), and their reputation passes by word of mouth in the town squares or local taverns. Their knowledge of Europe is gathered, if at all, from engravings seen here or there in a bookseller's shop. Since there are no art academies or public exhibitions, they are little known in the cities; nor do they sign their names

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY



... AND WIFE, BOTH BY CHANDLER

for posterity. Among the few who will be remembered is Winthrop Chandler, who lives in Woodstock, Connecticut, where he paints portraits, fireplace panels, even houses.

These unsung and almost unknown "limners" are not great, and they certainly lack technical skill (the grace of lace seems to be beyond Chandler's competence). But they have a distinctive quality that has something to do with the fact that they have *not* seen the classics of the Renaissance, that their heritage comes from sign painters for taverns rather than salon painters for courts. They (and their sitters) want a likeness that conveys how ordinary Americans live, what manner of people they are—prosperous but plain, not elegant but confident. Such elements may not survive either in the new Republic or in its art; but as of now, these painters, this instinct, are what is inherently American. We should cherish them.

REDWOOD LIBRARY AND ATHENAEUM, NEWPORT



PAUL REVERE BY COPLEY



PEALE'S PAINTING OF HIS FAMILY & SERVANT



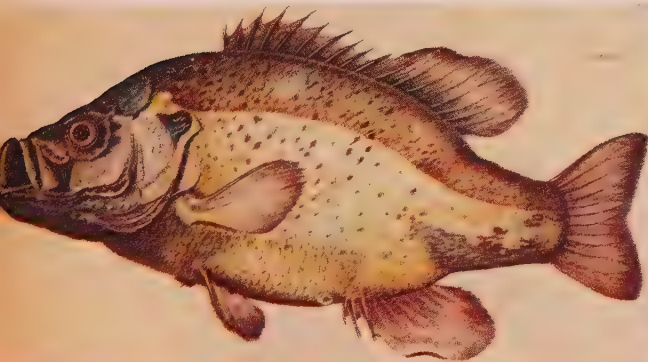
THE BANNISTERS BY STUART

Wonders of the Wilds

What is in the wilderness that lies beyond the Colonies? One of the relatively few men who know the details is Naturalist William Bartram, 37. For the past three years he has been traveling through wild country from the Carolinas to West Florida. The son of John Bartram, the famous Philadelphia botanist, William recently passed through Fort Charlotte, South Carolina, and showed a TIME correspondent some travel journals that he has been keeping.

He is a short man with a wide brow, a benign expression, and a mission that even the Indians have noticed. They call him *Puc-puggy* (the flower hunter). William Bartram is collecting and classifying America's plants and seeds. He sends the most interesting specimens, or his drawings of them, to John Fothergill, a botanist and physician in London who is paying Bartram's expenses plus £50 a year. What the current troubles between the Colonies and England will do to this arrangement is uncertain,

BARTRAM'S DRAWING OF YELLOW BREAM



AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

VULTURE IDENTIFIED BY BARTRAM AS "CARRION CROW"



though Bartram never gives politics a thought. He moves totally rapt in the world of nature.

So far he has meandered from Charles Town, South Carolina, to Jacksonburg, Florida, and back to Savannah, Georgia, with a number of exploratory side trips in between. Although the scientific descriptions in his journals can make for dull reading—some entries are mere lists of as many as 57 plants with Latin names—Bartram brings to his work keen powers of observation as well as a poetic, almost rhapsodic sensibility. When he sees a wild turkey, for example, he writes that it is "a stately beautiful bird, of a very dark dusky brown colour . . . edged with a copper colour, which in a certain exposure looked like burnished gold, and he seemed not insensible of the splendid appearance he made."

The most striking thing about the journals is Bartram's joy in "scenes of nature as yet unmodified by the hand of man." The dark forests are not at all frightening to him. Rather, they are "delightful," "shady," "cool," "verdant."

Except for a few references to "mosquitoes," he seems either not to have encountered chiggers, horseflies and other such pests, or else to be oblivious to them. As to the real dangers of the wilderness, Bartram believes that studying nature reveals above all "the power of the Creator."

Being alone and unprotected in the wilds does pose a few hazards, however. In Florida Bartram went through one hurricane so strong that huge live-oak

branches flew about in the air as if they were mere "leaves and stubble." Bartram also records that he has met venomous snakes: the "bastard rattle snake" and the "large and horrid" moccasin, which has a bite that is "always incurable." He has seen wolves, bears and wildcats too, but to date the only creature that has actually threatened his life is the Florida alligator.

It is a particularly awesome beast, at least in Bartram's description: "Behold him rushing from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His plaited tail, brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters like a cataract descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder." Nonetheless, when Bartram's cockleshell of a boat was attacked by a giant alligator on a Florida lake, the naturalist beat at it with a club "until he withdrew sullenly and slowly into the water, looking at me and seeming neither fearful nor in any way disturbed."

As for the Indians, whom other travelers have found to be fickle and fierce, Bartram has had no trouble. Indeed, he sees the red men as dwellers in a sort of paradise, well supplied with food and shelter. The Seminoles of Florida, he writes, are "as blithe and free as the birds of the air, and like them as volatile and active, tuneful and vociferous." All Indians are a long way from being ignorant savages, he observes: "These people are both well-tutored and civil . . . It is from the most delicate sense of the honour and reputation of their tribes and families that their laws and customs perceive their force and energy." If these Indian tribes have anything to fear, Bartram continues, it is "the gradual encroachments of the white people" on their territory.

Having witnessed a ceremony in which the merchants of Georgia received at least 2 million acres from the Creeks and Cherokees as "a discharge of their debts," Bartram has no doubt that the encroachments will continue. Nor will his own words, if they are ever published, dissuade Americans from pressing ever deeper into Indian lands. Wherever he goes, he reports on natural marvels—enchanted springs, crystal lakes, whole hillsides blazing with azaleas, potentially rich farm lands—that are sure to entice others to brave the wilds and tame them too. Bartram himself is next going into the largely unexplored territory between the Appalachian Mountains and the Mississippi that is controlled by the Creek and Choctaw Indian tribes. He looks forward to the wonders—and the solace—that he will surely continue to find in America's vast wilderness.

Rebirth in Virginia

The weather was forbidding as Lay Preacher Thomas Rankin arrived this Sunday at White's Chapel southwest of Petersburg, Virginia. He had planned to hold an open-air meeting, with shade trees shielding the congregation from the blazing southern sun. But it was raining, so he had to pack the worshipers into the chapel, while about 400 more clustered in the rain at the doors and windows. Then, as Rankin orated on Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones, the mixed crowd of whites and blacks began moaning and crying to God for mercy, some kneeling, some falling on their faces. Rankin repeatedly begged his listeners to compose themselves, but his words were drowned out.

This was no isolated event. Similar paroxysms befell another congregation the previous Sunday, Rankin's first in the area, when he held two meetings at nearby Boisseau's Chapel. Indeed, at a series of May meetings at Boisseau's Chapel, says the Reverend Devereaux Jarratt, Anglican ally of the current revival, "the windows of heaven were opened and the rain of Divine influence poured down for more than 40 days."

While a political revolution has been in the making, a religious revolution has stirred Virginia, where many of the tax-supported Anglican clergy are known locally for their laziness, snobbery and even immorality. Indeed, many back-country Virginians never see an Anglican priest at all. Jarratt was shocked by the clerical convention in Williamsburg two years ago when his colleagues treated Christian doctrines with what he called "ridicule and profane burlesque."

The vacuum left by Anglican apathy has already attracted a number of new movements. First came "New Side" Presbyterians, preaching the "new birth," a life-changing experience of salvation. Then the Baptists, with a sim-

ilar message. Now come the Methodists—not a new denomination at this point but an order of Anglican laymen who preach the revivalist Gospel and establish prayer cells. Rankin, who arrived from England in 1773, is their current American leader. Although some see them as "a church within a church," the Methodists profess religious loyalty to the Church of England. In fact, one hot-head was ejected from a Methodist society recently for usurping the clergy's role and offering Communion.

Methodism began when Oxford-trained John Wesley, newly back from a missionary tour in Georgia, felt his heart "strangely warmed" during a reading of Luther's preface to *Romans* at a service in London in 1738. Unlike the usual Anglican priest, Wesley set out to spread assurance of salvation to Britons of all classes. Still indefatigable at his 73rd birthday last month, Wesley also insists on "doing good of every possible sort" for the needy. He requires a puritanical code of his flock: no swearing, Sabbath work, buying or selling liquor, brawling, or wearing of rich apparel.

Despite the remarkable growth of Methodism in Britain, Wesley did not send any preachers to America till 1769, and the movement was almost unknown in Virginia when the late Robert Williams landed there three years later. As was his plain-spoken style, Williams mounted the Norfolk courthouse steps, began bellowing a song to draw a crowd, then launched into a torrid message of salvation. Passers-by were so unaccustomed to fire-and-brimstone preaching that, on hearing all the "damns" and "hells," they scolded him for cursing. The following year Williams imported Methodism to the Petersburg area, where Jarratt's own revival was already under way. Williams' pet trick was to attend an Anglican service, and as



METHODIST JOHN WESLEY
Strangely warmed.

soon as it was over, stand on a stump outside and start up a service of his own.

Despite their rapid growth, the Methodist "societies" claim only 2,456 members in Virginia and a scant 4,921 in the Colonies as a whole. They are also imperiled by the fact that Wesley last year wrote a book, *A Calm Address to Our American Colonies*, in which he argued that the authority of the state comes not from the people but from God, and that "no governments under heaven are so despotic as the republican." Says one prominent American Wesleyan: "I... am truly sorry that the venerable man ever dipped into the politics of America." To many fervent Methodists, however, all political activity is simply an irksome interruption of God's work. And so, by present indications, the Virginia revival will probably go on all summer.

Who's for What

"There is a time to pray and a time to fight," proclaimed Pastor Peter Muhlenberg, 29. Then, before his astonished flock in Woodstock, Virginia, he tore off his vestments to reveal the uniform of a militia officer. That was last January. Now Muhlenberg is colonel of the regiment he raised himself, the 8th Virginia. But the country's main Lutheran leader, his father Henry, follows Martin Luther in mistrusting revolutions. Other churches are also taking sides:

CONGREGATIONALISTS (estimated at 749 churches). America's leading denomination, located almost totally in

New England, firmly supports independence. It is led by the "New Light" wing, which backed the revival enthusiasms of the "Great Awakening" and has long promoted egalitarian ideas.

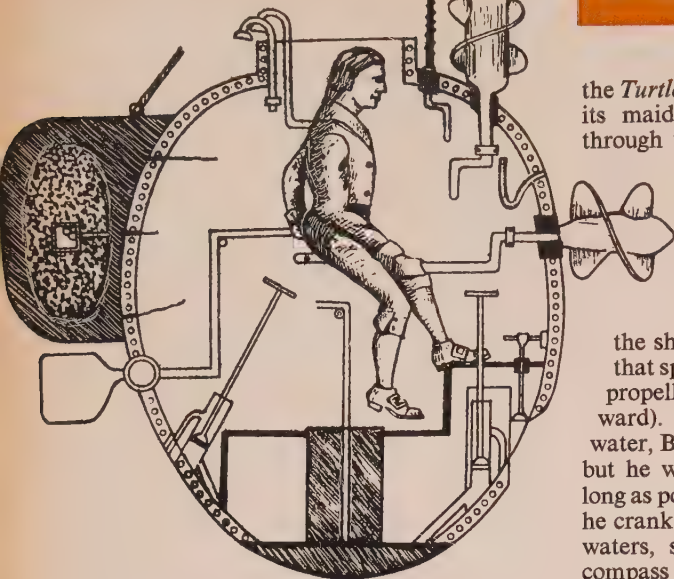
PRESBYTERIANS (495). These Calvinists, who began organizing early in the century and are centered in the Middle Colonies, mostly favor independence, though many Scots in the south remain loyal to the King.

BAPTISTS (457). This group was minuscule till the Great Awakening, but that and later revivals have spread the Baptists' popularity. Though much harassed by hostile mobs and even by local authorities, they favor an independent America.

ANGLICANS (406). They are in an awkward spot, since their English-led clergy is tied by oath to the Crown. Their Toryism runs strong in the new Methodist movement and in the New England cities, less so in the Middle Colonies. Anglicans in the south generally favor independence.

FRIENDS (307). The "Quakers," powerful in Pennsylvania, oppose all wars, including the Revolution. Their January meeting insisted on obedience to the King. Patriots distrust their pacifism but so far have done little against them.

LUTHERANS (240). Located mostly in the Middle Colonies, these Germans, like Peter Muhlenberg, generally want to split from England.



CUTAWAY OF BUSHNELL'S CRAFT

The Terrifying Turtle

If anyone can drive away the 100-odd British ships blockading New York Harbor, it might be a shy Connecticut inventor who has devised a strange new weapon of maritime warfare. David Bushnell, 35, calls it a "sub-marine vessel," also known as the *Turtle*. Like that creature, it can dive under water and attack its enemies by surprise. It strikes them with an explosive device that its creator has named, after the electric ray, a torpedo.

Bushnell has had little training as an inventor. Reared on a farm near Saybrook, he was 30 before he could raise the money to enter Yale. He enrolled as a divinity student, but his chief interest was in natural philosophy and mechanics. He learned that Dutch Engineer Cornelius van Drebbel had devised a "sinkable boat" in the 1620s, and after his graduation last year, he finished building a similar craft on secluded Poverty Island in the Connecticut River.

But would this machine actually work? The inventor could find out only by risking his own life inside it. One moonlit night last summer, Bushnell and his younger brother Ezra stealthily took

the *Turtle* out into Long Island Sound for its maiden cruise. Squeezing himself through the hatch (the oaken vessel is only 7½ feet high), Bushnell seated himself on a horizontal beam, seized the tiller with one arm, let in water through a valve at his feet and slowly sank beneath the surface. He then maneuvered

the ship forward by turning a crank that spins a two-bladed propeller (the propeller can also be turned backward). After about 20 minutes under water, Bushnell began to run out of air, but he was determined to continue as long as possible. For another 25 minutes, he cranked the *Turtle* through the dark waters, steering by a phosphorescent compass needle. Then, when he could stand no more, he released his lead ballast, pumped the water out of the vessel and emerged exhausted on the surface.

Bushnell has also made several tests of his torpedo. It is a watertight oaken container, shaped like an egg and large enough to hold 150 pounds of gunpowder. The explosive can be detonated by a gunlock connected to a clock. Bushnell's plan is to have the *Turtle* attach the torpedo to an enemy warship by night and then escape before the explosion. At one demonstration of a model torpedo for Connecticut officials, Bushnell reported that the explosion produced "a very great effect, rending planks into pieces and casting stones, with a body of water, many feet into the air."

Benjamin Franklin inspected the *Turtle* in Bushnell's workshop and praised it to General Washington, who later described it as "an effort of genius." But Bushnell has been having trouble with the vessel: the pump broke down and had to be replaced; the ventilator had to be altered to draw in fresh air through one tube and eject stale air through another. To help out, the Connecticut Council of Safety decided last February to award Bushnell £60 to carry on his work.

As of last week, the whereabouts of the *Turtle* was being kept secret, for although the British know of the vessel's

existence, they do not know where or when it might strike. Asked Connecticut Congressional Delegate William Williams impatiently: "Where is Bushnell? Why don't he attempt something? When will or can be a more proper time than is or has been?" The answers might well become clear when General William Howe's brother, Admiral Richard Howe, arrives in New York with a reinforcing fleet later this month (see *THE NATION*). What could be a better target for the *Turtle* than the admiral's mighty flagship, the 64-gun *Eagle*?

Bz-z-z-z!

The flat and evil-looking fish, of the genus *Torpedo* lies quivering on a wet napkin. A wire extends from the napkin to a nearby basin of water. A man holds a finger in the basin and another finger in another basin. A second man holds one finger in the second basin and another finger in a third basin. And so on—until the eighth man, with his finger in the seventh basin, touches a wire to the back of the fish, a ray. Then, although none of the men is touching the fish or any other person, all of them "felt a commotion." So reports John Walsh, a Member of Parliament and a Fellow of the Royal Society of London. The experiment, adds Walsh, opens "a large field for inquiry, both to the electrician in his walk of physics, and to all who consider the animal oeconomy."

Electricity has been known to mankind since the 6th century B.C., when Thales of Miletus observed that amber, if rubbed, would attract bits of feathers and other light objects (the Greek word for amber is *elektron*). Only in modern times, however, have scientists discovered that some kind of electricity exists in most things, and in 1752 Benjamin Franklin demonstrated with his kite that it can be drawn from the sky. But what is electricity? What causes it? Where is it most evident in nature? These questions are much in the air nowadays, and almost every issue of the Royal Society's *Philosophical Transactions* contains some report of new ex-

DR. JOHN HUNTER MADE ANATOMICAL STUDIES OF TORPEDO IN ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER HOW IT PRODUCES ELECTRICITY



periments with electric eels and rays. Among the latest:

► Researcher Walsh, after exploring how an 18-inch ray transmits its shock through water, also tried to find out how often the fish can perform this feat. By plunging a captive ray rapidly up and down in a trough of water, he discovered that it could give off about 100 shocks during 20 plunges in the course of three minutes.

► Dr. John Hunter, who became Surgeon Extraordinary to King George III last January, dissected male and female rays to analyze "the peculiar organs by which that animal produces so extraordinary an effect." The two organs, on either side of the cranium and gills, are about 5 inches long and consist of more than 400 tiny vertical columns of fluid. Three large nerves connect the organs to the brain. Although Hunter is not sure how the shocks are created, he asserts that "the will of the animal does absolutely control the electric powers of its body."

► Dr. William Bryant of Trenton performed tests on a torpedo of Surinam and proved that it could send a shock "through metallic substances, like an old sword blade," but when the sword was "armed with sealing wax, the electric fluid would not pass."

► When Bryant's tests were reported to the American Philosophical Society, the A.P.S. formed a committee to arrange with the "owner of a torpedo or torporific eel [to] determine the nature of the shocks which it communicates." The offered price: £3. Physician Hugh Williamson later discovered, among other things, that the eel can stun fish at a distance, and "it can give a small shock, a severe one or not at all, just as circumstances may require."

The latest experiment, about to be published in the 1776 *Philosophical Transactions*, is by Henry Cavendish, the eccentric British millionaire chemist who has been investigating the properties of hydrogen. Instead of testing what electric fish actually do, Cavendish attempted to duplicate their actions by creating an artificial ray and then passing an electric current through it from a battery of the devices known as Leyden phials. He constructed a fish out of wood, with the shock organs made of pewter, but he was dissatisfied with the results, partly because the artificial fish gave off weaker shocks when submerged under water. Cavendish's conclusion was cautious: "On the whole, I think there seems nothing in the phenomena of the torpedo at all incompatible with electricity."

These experiments may seem somewhat impractical, but they illustrate modern scientists' belief that all ideas should be checked by experiment, and nothing taken for granted. Only by such experiments, they say, can it be discovered whether electricity will ever have any useful purpose.

Spreading the News

Night had not yet descended over Philadelphia's State House when Printer Benjamin Towne's *Pennsylvania Evening Post* came streaming off the press with a terse announcement of the action: "This day the CONTINENTAL CONGRESS declared the UNITED COLONIES FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES." Thus was the fact of independence first spread among colonial readers. By early this week the city's five other newspapers—a concentration that makes Philadelphia the publishing capital of the former colonies—had either reported the Declaration or were preparing stories on it. The *Evening Post* and *Dunlap's Penn-*

prolific: Benjamin Towne's *Evening Post*, which was able to insert that brief mention of the Declaration in the first of its thrice-weekly issues right at press time. As is the custom in colonial newspapers, however, the momentous late news was simply inserted on a back page of the *Post*; readers who paid their two coppers for the paper had to read through earlier dispatches from London, Halifax, Williamsburg and New York before learning of the Declaration.

A number of New York papers plan to print the full Declaration this week, and the news will probably appear in Williamsburg's two rival *Virginia Gazettes* and Boston's *New England Chronicle* next week. Readers in Delaware,

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



RIDER BEARING NEWS, FAMILIAR SYMBOL ON FRONT PAGE OF A BOSTON WEEKLY
But in four of the 13 states, no newspapers are published at all.

sylvania Packet have published the entire text, and Printer Henrich Miller has translated the "Erklärung" into German for his *Pennsylvanischer Staatsbote*.*

Yet hardly a word of the Declaration could so far have appeared in the rest of the American press. Despite the development of post roads and fast packets between cities, news still takes weeks to travel from one end of the Colonies to the other. And because printing technology has advanced little since the Boston *News-Letter* became the first successful colonial newspaper in 1704, it still takes two men with a manual press ten hours to turn out a typical weekly run of 600 copies. Only three of the nation's 32 papers are printed more frequently than once a week. The most

*"Wenn es im Lauf menschlicher Begebenheiten für ein Volk nöthig wird" and so on.

South Carolina, Georgia and New Jersey—where there are at present no newspapers published—will have to rely on whatever journals eventually arrive from other states. In some places, publishers are making up in patriotic zeal what they lack in timeliness. New York's John Holt, for instance, plans to print the text of the Declaration on a special page of this week's *Journal* with an exhortation to readers "to separate it from the rest of the paper and fix it up, in open view, in their houses."

That kind of patriotism permeates the colonial press nowadays. Almost without exception, newspapers are either militantly pro-Patriot or studiously neutral on the issue of independence. One of the last openly Tory publications was the venerable Boston *News-Letter*, which died last February shortly be-

fore the British evacuated that city.

Of course, even ardently patriotic printers rarely ventilate their own opinions in print, a situation that says less about the state of patriotism than about the structure of the newspaper business today. Newspapers are typically published as a secondary occupation by printers who derive a large part of their income from turning out business forms, announcements, pamphlets and similar work for their clients. Unpaid correspondents write nearly all of the news that fills most papers, and their contributions generally appear unedited.

Printers do, however, make their points through selective publication of material. Thus the Philadelphia papers have been printing both attacks on and defenses of Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*, but defenders usually have the last word (see following story). Besides, the *Boston Gazette* and the *Massachusetts Spy* have been so filled with reports critical of Britain that readers can hardly mistake the publishers' views.

This zeal may be getting out of hand. Last November the Sons of Liberty destroyed the press and type of New York *Gazetteer* Publisher James Rivington, who had attempted to print articles on both sides of the independence issue. A few months later, Portsmouth Printer Daniel Fowle, self-professed champion of press freedom, was summoned before the New Hampshire House of Representatives to answer for an article in his *Gazette* attacking independence; his paper has not appeared since. New York *Packet* Publisher Samuel Loudon reports that he was warned recently by the local Committee of Safety not to distribute a pamphlet he had printed for a client who wanted to answer Paine's *Common Sense* "lest my personal safety be endangered." That night a group of men forced their way into his office, seized all 1,500 pamphlets and burned them on the Common. "The freedom of the press is now insulted and infringed," says Loudon. If similar incidents occur, he warns, "we are in danger of a more fatal despotism than that with which we are now threatened."

A Prophet Honored

Six months ago, perhaps nine out of ten Americans opposed independence and favored reconciliation with England. Now that independence is a proclaimed fact, the astounding change in public opinion may be attributed largely to an anonymous 47-page pamphlet entitled *Common Sense*. "The sun never shined on a cause of greater worth," the author cried out in support of independence; nor indeed has the sun ever shined on a political pamphlet so widely read. Originally published in Philadelphia last January, it has been reprinted, pirated and reprinted. Perhaps as many as 100,000 copies have been

bought and passed from hand to hand.

"Sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning," says General George Washington. "By private letters which I have lately received from Virginia, I find *Common Sense* is working a wonderful change there in the minds of men." General Charles Lee is equally enthusiastic: "A masterly, irresistible performance. I own myself convinced, by the arguments, of the necessity of a separation." These praises are not quite accurate. Sound reasoning is not the main strength of *Common Sense*, but its fierce rhetoric has helped to shatter the unreasoning assumptions that upheld loyalty to the British Crown.

Do Americans owe allegiance to George III? The author calls him "the royal brute of Great Britain" and a "hardened, sullen-tempered Pharoah." Do any monarchs have a hereditary right to rule their subjects? The author argues that dynasties are founded by "nothing better than the principal ruffian of some restless gang." Does America depend on Britain for safety or prosperity? Only in "the credulous weakness of our minds." Would it be better to delay? "Every thing that is right or reasonable pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, 'TIS TIME TO PART.'"

Who is the vehement author who modestly (or prudently) signed himself only "an Englishman"? TIME has learned that he is Thomas Paine, 39, a blunt, quick, florid immigrant, lately editor of the successful *Pennsylvania Magazine*. Just two years ago he resided in England and called himself "Pain." And pain has been his lot. He is a failed tax official, a failed tobaccoconist, a failed husband, and a frequent failure at the humble trade to which he was apprenticed—that of corsetmaker. His second wife paid him £35 as part of the agreement by which he left her house (she is reported to have said that they never consummated the marriage, but his only comment is, "It is nobody's business but my own"). Thus cheered on his way, he begged a letter of introduction from Benjamin Franklin of Philadelphia, then in London, and boarded a packet for the New World.

Paine had never been a journalist, and he arrived in Philadelphia on Nov. 30, 1774, with no more formal schooling than one would expect of a corsetmaker. His ambition was to set up as master of an academy for young ladies. When his ship docked at Philadelphia, however, he was seriously ill with what

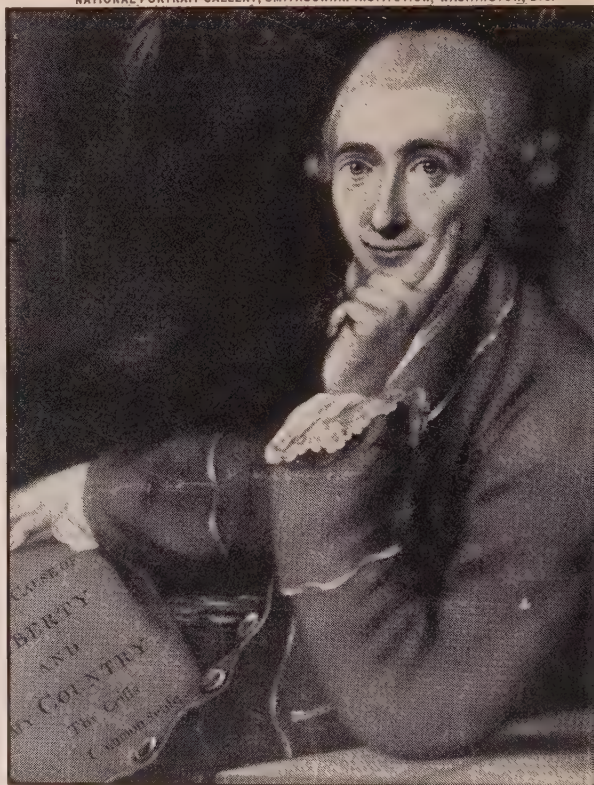
doctors diagnosed as putrid fever, and he remained so for six weeks.

By chance, Paine (as he began to respell himself) encountered Robert Aitken, a printer then trying to start a magazine for genteel readers. Paine found it easy to fill the magazine with elevated essays on such topics as science, dueling and marriage. His patriotic poem on the death of General James Wolfe at Quebec helped build circulation to a record-breaking 1,500. As the god Mercury describes the scene:

*With a darksome thick film I
encompass'd his eyes
And bore him away in an urn . . .*

Paine did write occasionally on political questions, but it was the news of last spring's skirmish at Lexington and Concord that turned him into the fiery

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, D.C.



PATRIOT PAMPHLETEER THOMAS PAINE
He has genius in his eyes.

prophet of the new America he saw taking form. Says he: "It was the cause of America that made me an author. I neither read books nor studied other people's opinions—I thought for myself." He adds that he has not earned a shilling from the huge popularity of his pamphlet (under his arrangement with Printer Robert Bell, Paine's half of the profits was to be donated to buy mittens for the American expedition against Quebec).

General Lee said after meeting Paine, "He has genius in his eyes." But that genius may be nothing more than the ability to speak plainly to plain citizens like himself, and thus to preach a sermon so powerful that the listener finds himself converted.

R_x for the Small Pox?

"Nothing to be heard from morning to night but 'Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!'" That was Dr. Lewis Beebe's vivid recollection of Brigadier General Benedict Arnold's expeditionary forces retreating from Quebec Province last month. As firsthand accounts of the debacle are gathered, it becomes increasingly clear that the expedition's most dangerous enemy was not gunfire but disease. Says Congressional Delegate John Adams of Massachusetts: "The small pox is ten times more terrible than Britons, Canadians and Indians together. This was the cause of our precipitate retreat from Quebec, this the cause of our disgraces."

Even before the Quebec expedition, the small pox proved to be a menace. Boston had so many cases that the disease helped deter General George Washington from trying to fight his way into the city last spring. Said he: "If we escape the small pox in this camp and the country around about, it will be miraculous." Only after General Howe evacuated the city did Washington send in 500 of his men who had already had the disease.

The small pox is one of the oldest scourges on earth. In North America, the Colonies have already suffered more than 50 epidemics. The disease is extremely contagious, often fatal, and there is no known cure. But there is a highly controversial and dangerous treatment: inoculation. This consists of placing pus from a blister on an infected person directly into the bloodstream of a healthy one. In theory, this causes a mild form of the disease and therefore protects the inoculated person from ever catching it again. But because of the dangers, not only to the person being inoculated but to others who risk contagion, the treatment is prohibited in many colonies.

The treatment derived more than a half-century ago from the Orient and the Ottoman Empire. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, wife of the British ambassador to Constantinople, was so impressed by the Turks' resistance to the small pox that she had her own children inoculated by the Turkish method and recommended the procedure to the royal family. King George I tried it first on six captives at Newgate Prison, then on eleven charity children. Since they survived, he had his granddaughters inoculated.

When Boston Clergyman Cotton Mather learned of the new technique, he tried to persuade local doctors to inoculate as many citizens as possible during the epidemic of 1721. But the city's leading physician called inoculation an "infatuation" and denounced as heathen any treatment adapted from "the Mus-

sel-men and faithful people of the prophet Mahomet." Only Mather's friend Dr. Zabdiel Boylston agreed to try the new tactic. Complained Mather: "Not only the physician who began the experiment but I also am the object of the [people's] fury." One opponent of inoculation threw a bomb through Mather's window. Another tried to set Dr. Boylston's house afire. In the course of the epidemic more than 5,000 people caught the disease and 844 of them died, whereas there were only six deaths among the 286 who had been inoculated.

That was the first large-scale proof that inoculation was effective. As the treatment gained adherents, it became almost a fad. Fashionable ladies in Paris wore bonnets with spotted ribbons (to simulate the pox). Empress Catherine of Russia summoned an English doctor to inoculate her and her courtiers (for which she paid him a fee of £10,000 plus £2,000 for expenses, an annuity of £500 for life, and a barony in the Russian empire). Despite these successes, critics kept insisting that inoculation spread the disease. As a result, the practice was banned at one time or another in almost all the colonies. The New York law of 1747, for example, "strictly prohibits and forbids all [doctors] to inoculate for the small pox any person or persons . . . on pain of being prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law."

As the troop movements have spread the disease, demands for inoculation, legal or not, have increased. Says Hannah Winthrop, wife of Natural Philosophy Professor John Winthrop of Harvard: "The reigning subject is the small pox. Men, women and children eagerly crowding to inoculate is I think as modish as running away from the troops of a barbarous George was last year."

Even when successful, inoculation can be an extremely unpleasant experience. One of Dr. Boylston's grandnephews, now a member of the Continental Congress, decided to have his wife and four children inoculated. They all confined themselves in a friend's house in Boston, along with a cow to provide milk. Two of the children soon developed eye inflammations, and one of them became covered with what her mother described as "above a thousand pussels as large as a

great green pea . . . She can neither walk, sit, stand or lay with any comfort." The mother also reported that all the children "puke every morning but after are comfortable." The fourth child had to be inoculated three times before the treatment brought out pustules, and then he was delirious for two days. All in all, the family had to stay confined for seven weeks and to pay 18 shillings per person per week, as well as one guinea per inoculation.

Right now the most critical problem is the health of the Continental Army. Among the 8,000 troops who marched to Canada, more than 2,000 fell ill from the small pox. General Washington himself had the disease as a young man and insisted last May that his terrified wife Martha be inoculated—but as Commander of the Continental Army, he must respect all local statutes against the possible spread of infection through inoculation. On May 20, from his headquarters in New York, he issued an order declaring: "No person whatever, belonging to the Army, is to be inoculated for the small pox." A week later he went even further: "Any officer in the Continental Army, who shall suffer himself to be inoculated, will be cashiered and turned out of the Army . . . as an enemy and traitor to his country."

These are hard words, but the continuing spread of the disease may force Washington to change his orders. For even though the spread is sometimes worsened by the haphazard inoculation of soldiers, the Army's own chief phy-

DOCTORS KEEP SMALL-POX PATIENTS IN SECLUSION



OHIO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, CAMPUS MARTIUS MEMORIAL MUSEUM

MEDICINE

sician, John Morgan, insists that "wherever inoculation has once had a fair trial, those prejudices, that are apt to infect vulgar and weak minds, soon vanish." Thus the solution to Washington's problem may be not to forbid the treatment but to isolate and then inoculate every soldier in his Army.

Magnetic Magic

The most controversial new medical treatment in Vienna today is that of Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer, who claims to cure both physical and mental illness through the invisible forces of "animal magnetism." Although many reputable physicians insist that this magnetism does not exist, Mesmer points to the case of Franziska Oesterlin, 28, a friend of his wife's, whom he successfully treated two years ago for hysterical convulsions, pains in the ears, toothache, fainting spells, retention of urine, and delirium. Newspaper reports of that case brought Viennese flocking to his office.

Mesmer, 42, studied at the University of Vienna, where he wrote a doctoral dissertation *On the Influence of the Planets*. He argued that celestial bodies exert a gravitational force on an invisible magnetic fluid that exists in all living organisms. Some people fall ill because they are deficient in this fluid, Mesmer says, but can be cured by a transfer of fluid from another body.

Mesmer undertakes to perform this transference. He emerges from behind heavy drapes accompanied by gentle harmonies from a hidden orchestra (a noted patron of music, Mesmer has commissioned an opera, *Bastien und Bastienne*, from a local prodigy, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart). Mesmer then installs up to 30 patients around a tub equipped with magnetic rods for the transfer of the fluid. In recent weeks, he has stopped using magnets and now says he can transfer the fluid through his own hands.

Skeptics insist that Mesmer's cures are a result of his patients' hopes and imagination. If that is true, his treatment might simply be called Mesmerism.

VIENNA INNOVATOR FRANZ MESMER

CULVER PICTURES



HISTORIAN EDWARD GIBBON

Lessons in Decay

THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE
by EDWARD GIBBON
674 pages. Strahan and Cadell. 1 guinea.

In a time when the British Empire is being rent asunder, Edward Gibbon has produced an eloquent and authoritative account of the ruin of Imperial Rome. This is somewhat surprising, since Gibbon, 39, an inconspicuous Member of Parliament, has previously written only some brief essays and two minor volumes of literary criticism. Yet his new work is not mere history but high tragedy, as the course of Rome's decay is hurried forward by fools and villains, and only briefly impeded by the strivings of worthy men.

The sweep of this first volume (more are to come) extends from the start of the 2nd century to Constantine's triumphant emergence from a series of civil wars in A.D. 324. With his very first hesitant sentences, Gibbon sets the situation and foreshadows the outcome:

"In the second century of the Christian era, the Empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind... [The] peaceful inhabitants enjoyed and abused the advantages of wealth and luxury. The image of a free constitution was preserved with decent reverence; the Roman senate appeared to possess the sovereign authority..."

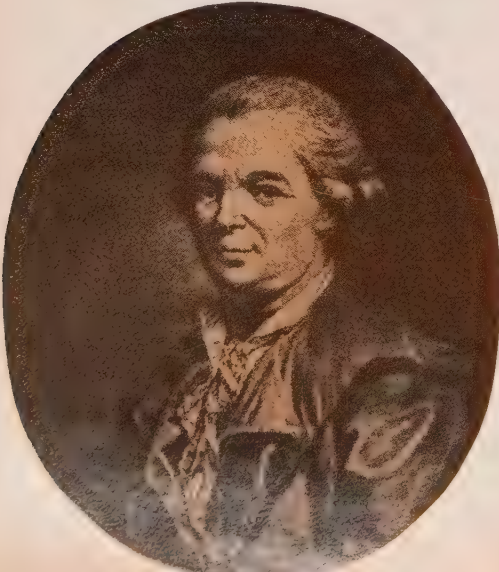
With the ominous words "abused," "image" and "appeared," Gibbon conveys in brief most of what had gone

wrong with Rome. Several decades of relative peace in the 2nd century left the army lax and indolent. It was a time of great prosperity, and excess wealth had its customary enervating effect. But it was the lack of supporting structure behind the impressive forms of government that doomed Rome, Gibbon believes. He traces this lack to the very first Emperor, Augustus, who ruled from 27 B.C. to A.D. 14. Augustus' predecessor and adoptive father, Julius Caesar, had been assassinated in the Senate, and this worked its effect on "a cool head, an unfeeling heart and a cowardly disposition." Augustus, Gibbon says, "wished to deceive the people by an image of civil liberty, and the armies by an image of civil government." Because he left the Senate its pomp and privilege as he stole its authority, the deception succeeded. It proved to be irreversible.

By the end of the 2nd century, the Senate was ready to vote for any bully or bribegiver who thrust himself forward. Among the worst of Emperors was Commodus, a vice-ridden brute who enjoyed fighting in the arena as a gladiator and was murdered by his favorite concubine and a wrestler. He was succeeded by the aged Pertinax, who tried to institute reforms, only to be murdered after 86 days by the unreformable Praetorian Guard. This garrison of swaggerers, who for a time held the real power in Rome, then insolently auctioned off the imperial throne to a wealthy Senator named Didius Julianus, who offered each guard the equivalent of some £200 in silver. He ruled in increasing confusion for 66 days before being beheaded.

By the middle of the 3rd century, chaos at the center had led to weakness at the outposts. The Goths became uncontrollable, and when the Emperor Valerian tried to fight off the Persians, he was captured and finally skinned and stuffed with straw. As Gibbon breaks off his story, early in the 4th century, a number of strong Emperors—Aurelian, Diocletian, Constantine—have temporarily imposed a kind of order, but it is clear that their strength is that of men, not of enduring institutions, and that the fall of the empire is inescapable. Gibbon is no moralist intent on admonishing modern readers, and he has no interest in encouraging American Patriots in rebellion, but he does demonstrate Rome's lessons for other peoples.

Gibbon's work has been much praised in London. The first edition of 1,000 copies was sold within two weeks, and a second printing of 1,500 has just been issued. But there has been angry criticism of what Gibbon calls a "tedious but important" matter: his treatment of religion. Gibbon himself became a con-



vert to Roman Catholicism while at Oxford, and he returned to Protestantism only at the insistence of his wealthy father. By now a thorough skeptic, he speaks of the early Christians with amused contempt. Their martyrdoms were far fewer than religious enthusiasts now claim, he says. And he maliciously derides the church's "uninterrupted succession of miraculous powers, of healing the sick and raising the dead." Gibbon sees little if any progress when the early Christians "finally erected the triumphant banner of the Cross on the ruins of the Capitol." On the contrary, he believes that the Christians were too otherworldly at a time when the world's concerns badly needed attention.

Privately, the author has observed that Rome fell because of "the inevitable effect of immoderate greatness," adding that the question should not be why the empire collapsed, but how it managed to subsist for so long. Such epigrams amuse, but do not edify; for fuller explanations, the reader will have to wait for the concluding volumes of this profound and ambitious work.

A Muse from Africa

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,
RELIGIOUS AND MORAL

by PHILLIS WHEATLEY

124 pages. Archibald Bell.
3 shillings 4 pence.

No general could ask for a more resounding vote of confidence.

*These, first in peace and honours . . .
Fam'd for thy valour, for thy virtues
more,
Hear every tongue thy guardian aid
implore!*

*Proceed, great chief, with virtue on
thy side,
Thy ev'ry action let the goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion, and a throne
that shine,
With gold unfading,
WASHINGTON! be thine.*

These lines are from a poem by Phillis Wheatley, which was recently published in the *Pennsylvania Magazine* and also sent by the author to General George Washington while he was still encamped outside Boston. He thanked her and added: "If you should ever come near headquarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the Muses." Since Phillis Wheatley lives in Boston, she did soon pay him a visit. Thus met the new general of the American Army and a former slave girl.

The encounter has aroused new interest in both the author and her first book of poems, originally published in London in 1773 and now on sale in the Colonies. Born in Africa (she does not



POETESS PHILLIS WHEATLEY
Mercy brought her?

know exactly what part of Africa), she was brought to America by a slaver in 1761. She was then seven or eight years old, by the estimate of John Wheatley, a prosperous Boston tailor, who bought the thin little waif with the idea that she should be trained to attend his wife Susannah. In a testimonial letter to the publisher, Wheatley writes: "Without any assistance from school education, and by only what she was taught in the family, she, in sixteen months time from her arrival, attained the English language . . . to such a degree, as to read any, the most difficult parts of the sacred writings, to the great astonishment of all who heard her."

From the first, Phillis showed no nostalgia for her native continent. One of her earliest poems expressed her gratitude that she had been snatched away:

*'Twas mercy brought me from my
Pagan land,
Taught my benighted soul to
understand
That there's a God, that there's a
Saviour too:
Once I redemption neither sought nor
knew.
Some view our sable race with
scornful eye,
"Their colour is a diabolic die."
Remember, Christians, Negroes,
black as Cain,
May be refin'd, and join th' angelic
train.*

Despite her slave status, the Wheatleys treated her almost like a daughter. In 1773, when she was 20, they formally freed her and sent her on a visit to London, where she arranged for publication of her work. Her poems, often on religious or patriotic themes, occasionally lapse into sentimentality. It is also apparent that her favorite reading is Pope's translation of Homer. Within

this idiom, which can so easily descend to jog trot, she frequently so descends. But in all fairness it must be admitted that no other poet currently writing in the Colonies does much better.

Whatever her skills, she is one of the first Africans to be published in America, and certainly the first African poetess. At the age of 23, she has achieved distinction that can stand without reference to her race.

Patriotic Malice

M'FINGAL

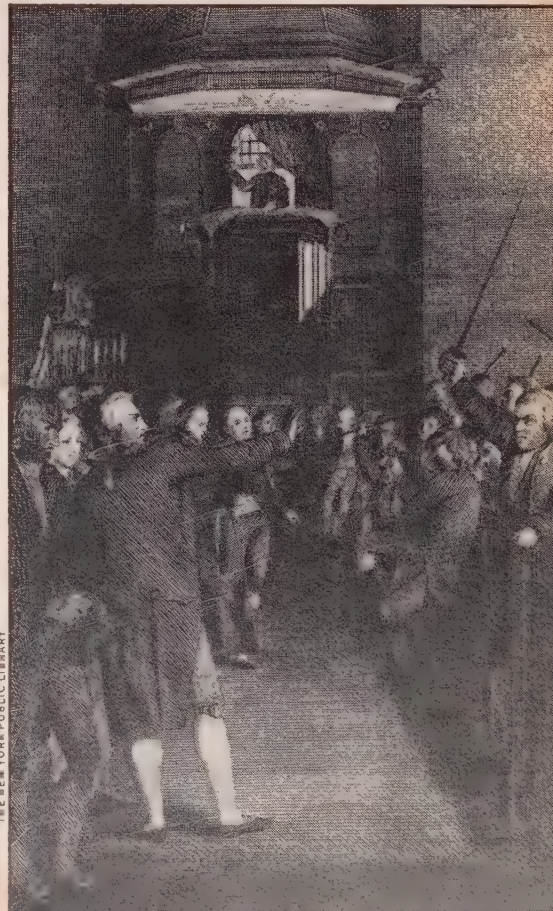
by JOHN TRUMBULL

44 pages. J. Almon. 1 shilling.

He first displayed promise as a humorist when, at the age of seven, he took the entrance examination for Yale College and passed it. Perhaps in the belief that Yale needed time to prepare for his arrival, John Trumbull waited six years before entering, then remained at the college for nine years as a student and instructor, and finally commemorated his stay with a satirical mock-epic poem called *The Progress of Dulness*.

Now 26, a staid, prosperous New Haven lawyer, Trumbull has printed (anonymously, to be sure, although his authorship is already known), a second and even more surprising epic satire. He has not been an incendiary Patriot by any means, yet the new burlesque,

NOISY TOWN MEETING IN M'FINGAL



M'Fingal, savagely mocks Tory pieties.

Trumbull stages his Tory sticking at the town meeting of an unnamed New England hamlet where, in traditional fashion, citizens "met, made speeches full long winded,/ Resolv'd, protested, and rescinded." Independence is the subject under debate, and the battle is between the virtuous Patriot Honorius and the affronted Royalist Squire M'Fingal. Honorius is too admirable to be very interesting, and the author devotes most of his attention to M'Fingal. The squire, writes Trumbull, is so perceptive that "not only saw he all that was,/ But much that never came to pass," adding slyly that the squire's "reas'ning toil/ Would often on himself recoil."

The fun of the poem is in this recoiling; Squire M'Fingal's bombast bursts upon his own head and makes Toryism ridiculous. As the squire blunders on, he defends even Britain's encouragement of Indians "t'amuse themselves with scalping knives." As for General Gage's occupation of Boston, "his mercy is without dispute/ His first and darling attribute." The general tried to seize the stores of powder and arms at Concord merely to prevent the Patriots from harming themselves, "as prudent folks take knives away,/ Lest children cut themselves at play."

Once the wicked Revolution has been crushed, M'Fingal concludes, he and his fellow Tories will be nobles, "while Whigs subdued in slavish awe,/ Our wood shall hew, our water draw." Stout Honorius, given a few lines at last (but hardly needing any), merely says, as the town meeting adjourns:

*We can't confute your second-sight;
We shall be slaves and you a knight;
These things must come; but I divine
They'll come not in your day, or mine.*

Trumbull's closing scene is somewhat inconclusive, but he is reported to be planning additional verses. In his work so far, amiable humor and patriotic malice maintain each other nicely.

A New Britannica

Drop in any evening at a literary pub in Edinburgh and you are likely to find William Smellie, who will expansively declare that he was the editor of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, published in 1771. And he is apt to say of his achievement: "I wrote most of it, my lad, and snipped out from books enough material for the printer. With pastepot and scissors I composed it." But as of now, Editor Smellie is finished at the *Britannica*. Because of the encyclopedia's success, both in Britain and the Colonies,

the owners wanted all three volumes expanded according to a plan with which he disagreed. He refused; the publishers insisted; he bowed out.

The idea for the *Britannica* was conceived back in 1768 by Colin Macfarquhar, a young (then 22) bookseller and printer. Needing capital, he enlisted the aid of Andrew Bell, some 20 years his senior, who had begun his career engraving dog collars and progressed to the eminence of Edinburgh's leading printer-engraver. Bell stands only 4 feet 6 inches tall and has a huge nose, but he disarms the mockery of others by making mock of himself. He mounts his giant horse with the aid of a ladder, carrying with him a papier-mâché nose to enlarge his own.

For an editor, this pair of entrepreneurs sought out Smellie, who was only 28 but had an expertise ranging from Terence to botany. Together with Macfarquhar, he worked out a new plan for an encyclopedia. He would follow the scheme most recently used by French Encyclopedist Denis Diderot—providing long articles on the arts and sciences, but without Diderot's polemical tone; and he would combine these long articles with brief alphabetical listings, as in the current British encyclopedias.

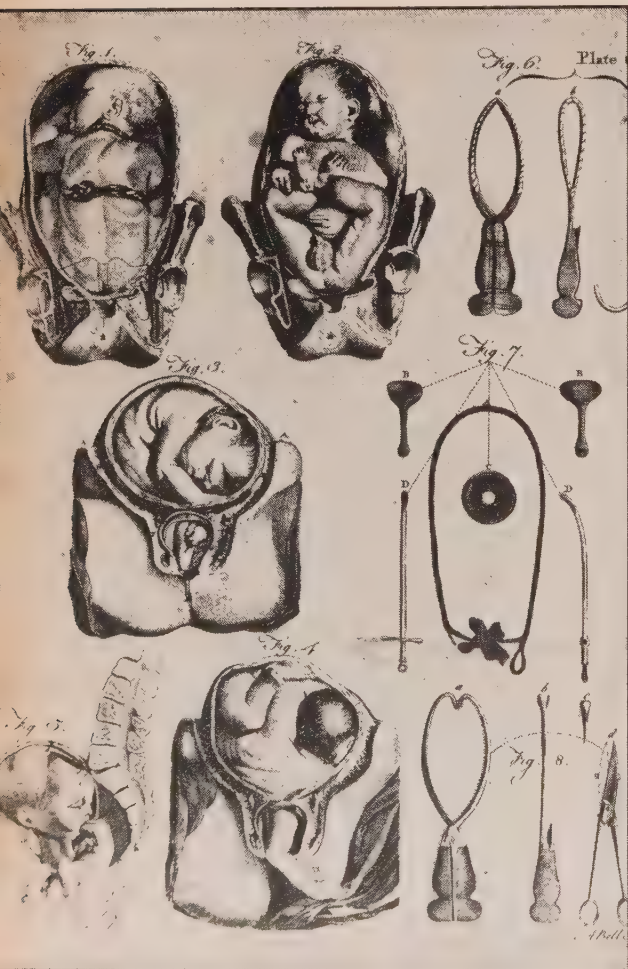
Smellie stipulated that the prime aim should be "utility," so that the encyclopedia has become in large measure a reference book on how to do useful things. There are, for instance, seven pages of instruction on how to build a chimney (under "Smoke"). Smellie himself undertook to write the treatises on 15 major sciences (out of the 45 listed), and his style has a charm of its own. Sample: "The Cat . . . Of all domestic animals, the character of the cat is the most equivocal and suspicious."

As his publishers pressed him to finish his work, some of his later offerings became more and more cursory. The entry on "Sex," for instance, dismisses it as "something in the body which distinguishes male from female." Yet the persevering reader will discover, under the large heading of "Anatomy," sex organs of both the human male and female described at length and illustrated in five admirable engravings by Bell. In the 43 pages devoted to "Midwifery," the text could instruct the most distraught young husband snowbound in the country. All of it is illustrated by Bell's drawings—drawings so explicit that many subscribers have clipped them out of their volumes and destroyed them. Equally explicit is a drawing of Noah's ark, accompanied by elaborate calculations on the space needed for the animals' food. The date of the Flood is firmly fixed at 2351 B.C.

With success at their back, the *Britannica's* proprietors now want to produce a new edition. Major articles are to be vastly expanded, a substantial amount of history added. Most radically, there will be an account of the lives of the most eminent persons from the earliest ages down to the present times.

The inclusion of biography was demanded by the partners' newest and biggest patron, the Duke of Buccleuch. This is contrary to the whole tradition of encyclopedias of the "arts and sciences." Smellie refused to do it, perhaps partly because he felt the duke was anxious to get his own name into print. The proprietors' choice then fell upon one James Tytler, 29, whom a local poet has described as "an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body" who "drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer with leaky shoes and a sky-lighted hat."

The choice is not so odd as it seems. The son of a minister, Tytler worked his way through medical school. He has tried out as both surgeon and apothecary, and failed in several tries and in several places. When the *Britannica* proprietors found him, he was in Holyrood House, that sanctuary for debtors, working at a press of his own design and printing his essays on religion and politics. As a man who may not bestride but at least straddles the worlds of both scientific and religious thought—though admittedly master of neither—he may be ideally suited for the job.



MIDWIFERY AS ILLUSTRATED IN FIRST EDITION
Enough for any snowbound husband.



JOHANN ZOFFANY'S VIEW OF DAVID GARRICK & MRS. PRITCHARD IN *MACBETH*

THE THEATER

Garrick's Last Bow

The Drury Lane Theatre echoed with farewells, and the 2,000-strong audience cheered to the point of tears. London's most dazzling actor-manager, David Garrick, 59, had made his final bow. Having sold his share of Drury Lane earlier this year for £35,000 to Playwright Richard Sheridan, 24, Garrick gave a series of farewell performances that drew crowds from as far away as France. He chose eleven roles calculated to display his unique range and the naturalistic style he pioneered, including adaptations of *Lear* and *Hamlet*. "The Garrick" had wanted to appear last of all in his greatest creation, the engagingly villainous *Richard III*, but his health was not up to it. Said he: "I dread the fight and the fall; I am in agonies afterward." Instead, he appeared in Mrs. Susannah Centlivre's *The Wonder*, a romantic comedy, then stepped out on the empty stage. His large, dark eyes mournfully scanning the audience, he acknowledged, "This is to me a very awful moment." His friend and mentor Dr. Samuel Johnson agreed. Noting that the final show was a benefit for "decayed actors," Johnson commented acridly, "He will soon be one himself."

A Parting Shot

When the Continental Congress included a ban on theatrical performances in its 1774 resolution against "every species of extravagance and dissipation," it seemed for a while that the delegates had unwittingly aided the enemy. Patriots felt bound to observe the ban while British occupying forces ignored it, thus turning the theatre into a vehicle of Loy-

alist propaganda. In Boston, for instance, General John ("Gentleman Johnny") Burgoyne transformed Faneuil Hall, the Patriot meetinghouse, into a playhouse. There he mounted productions of his own works, notably the scurrilous anti-American satire *The Blockade of Boston*. (Justice was poetically served, however, when the British actor-soldiers were unceremoniously routed from the stage in mid-performance last January by news of an American attack on their Charlestown stronghold.) Burgoyne is now gone from Boston, but another parting shot was recently fired at his *Blockade*. *The Blockheads*, a merciless farce that celebrates the ignominious British evacuation of Boston, was published in pamphlet form last month and is now being widely read.

Although the play was published anonymously, the author is believed to be Mrs. Mercy Otis Warren, 47, whose previous work is thought to include three other anonymously published (and unperformed) anti-British satires—*The Adulateur* (1772), *The Defeat* (1773) and *The Group* (1775). Although Mrs. Warren has never publicly claimed authorship of these plays, her reticence may be attributed to feminine modesty. A friend and confidante, Abigail Adams, explains that Mrs. Warren fears that severe satire may be "incompatible with that benevolence which ought always to be predominant in a female character."

The Blockheads is certainly not benevolent; the satire is savagely cruel and frequently obscene. In the opening act, British officers and Loyalists with names like Shallow and Dupe are trapped in a garrison surrounded on three sides by Rebel forces and on the fourth by the

sea. They face a "curs'd alternative, either to be murder'd without or starv'd within." With unmistakable relish, the playwright proceeds to detail the physical and moral collapse of the besieged enemy. Britain's sons of Mars, "the terror of the world," become mere "skeltons, our bones standing sentry through our skins." Speeches about an honorable defeat give way to scatological laments over the breakdown of their bodily functions. The play concludes with "huzzas for America" as the bony "blockheads" scramble aboard British ships for safety—"vomiting, crying, cooking, eating, all in a heap."

Some critics of the play argue that such a splenetic satire could not possibly have been written by a woman—particularly a woman of Mrs. Warren's station. Mercy Warren, however, has reason to be angry. Her brother, James Otis, once among the most brilliant lawyers arguing the patriotic cause, was hit on the head by a Crown officer and has never fully recovered his sanity.

Mrs. Warren's patriotic fervor has been further reinforced by her close association with several of the country's most prominent politicians. The Plymouth home of Mercy and her husband James Warren, who is now serving as president of Massachusetts' Provincial Congress, has been a meeting place for such leaders as Samuel and John Adams. An enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Warren's satires, John Adams has encouraged her to wield her pen freely and "let the censure fall where it will."

COPLEY'S PORTRAIT OF MERCY OTIS WARREN





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SATIRES OF NEW STYLES...
They often smell.

Bag Wigs and Birds' Nests

On that festive day in 1770 when the Dauphin Louis Auguste, now King Louis XVI, married Archduchess Marie Antoinette, all ladies of fashion gained a new bellwether—but they also lost one. During the wedding celebrations, Monsieur Legros de Rumigny, the Parisian cook turned *coiffeur* nonpareil, was accidentally smothered to death in a brawling crowd. The famed 38 styles described in Legros's *L'Art de la Coëffure des Dames Françaises* had become *de rigueur* for all the best heads in Europe. But with the tastemaker gone, faddism has flourished—so much so that European ladies of fashion can now consult a 39-volume behemoth that illustrates no fewer than 3,774 current hair styles, many of them preposterous variations on the once decorous pompadour.

A woman who wants to be chic starts by having her hair stiffened with perfumed animal fat; the hair is then whitened with powder and molded over an egg-shaped wire frame usually 2- to 3-foot high. For daytime outings, this concoction is decorated with ribbons, feathers, flowers, birds' nests or vegetables. After entertaining eleven young women recently, a London hostess boasted that "they had, amongst them, on their

heads, an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass plots, tulip beds."

Even more elaborate headdresses are preferred for evening wear. Among this season's most popular styles are the "drowned chicken," "chest of drawers," "mad dog" and "sportsman in the bush." Topical motifs are especially prized; one called "*à l'inoculation*" hails the controversial new treatment for the small pox (see MEDICINE). In an effort to reconcile propriety with fashion, a widow will occasionally sport a model of her dead husband's tomb upon her head.

For the honor of serving as pedestals to these creations, the modishly coiffed ladies of the Continent are willing to suffer all manner of inconveniences. Doorways, chandeliers and closed carriages pose a constant challenge. Since the more fanciful styles take as long as four hours to sculpt, women often find it necessary to have them done the day before an important event and then sleep sitting up all night to preserve them. The coiffures are constructed to last three or four weeks; when cut open, they often emit a noxious effluvia and occasionally a living creature.

Although American women generally disdain to ape the more outrageous

Where to Take the Waters

On the very night of his arrival at the resort of Warm Springs, Virginia, Presbyterian Minister Philip Fithian witnessed "a fray between Mr. Fleming and Mr. Hall. Mr. Hall wrung Mr. Fleming's nose." The next morning, after "drinking early and freely of the waters," Fithian sortied out among the wooden cabins in the village to see if he had any acquaintances among the crowds gathered for the season. That night he observed "a splendid ball," as well as games of whist, five-and-forty and calico Betty. When he sought some night air out among the bushes, he was a little surprised to see "amusements in all shapes . . . constantly taking place among so promiscuous a company." Fithian went to bed soon after midnight, but he could still hear "soft and continual serenades" outside "different houses where the ladies lodge."

Such was life last week in Warm Springs, which has become the most fashionable watering spot in the southern colonies. The frivolity of these resorts sometimes comes in for criticism. Said the South Carolina *Gazette*: "Although there is a great want of money to procure the necessities of life, yet large

sums are weekly laid out for amusements." Nonetheless, the new trend toward medicinal use of mineral waters has become as popular in America as at Bath in Britain or Spa near Liège, and the social quadrille is considered part of the treatment. Among the most celebrated spots:

Stafford Springs, Connecticut, was originally discovered by the Mohegan and Narraganset Indians, who said the waters made them feel lively. The springs contain iron held in solution by carbonic acid, native alkali, marine salt and sulfur. These chemicals, according to a local expert, give the spring waters "a strong ferruginous taste and when first drunk frequently occasion nausea, even to puking," but they are "best for skin affections and ulcers of all kinds, dropsies in the first stages, debility, weakness of eyes and several kinds of fits." The springs can be reached by a stagecoach that leaves from The Sign of the Lamb tavern in Boston every few days and makes the 70-mile trip for 5 dollars per person (baggage allowance: 20 pounds). Among the homes with rooms for rent: Child's, John Green's.

of foreign styles, a moderate version of the scaffolded look has become popular in the Colonies. Not long ago, the *Boston Gazette* ungallantly reported the plight of a young woman whose head-dress was shattered when she was thrown from her carriage by startled horses. The stuffing fell onto the road, revealing an unsavory mixture of jute fiber, wool yarn, curled wool and hay.

Not to be outdone by their countrywomen, the notoriously foppish young men of London's Macaroni Club (so named because of its members' love of Continental food and fashions) have also begun sporting coiffures of enormous height. Most Englishmen, however, are turning to a more natural look. The cumbersome, bottom-heavy periwig, with its almost waist-length expanse of curls, has long since given way to a proliferation of shorter, more comfortable styles.

The trend seems even more advanced in the Colonies. The bag wig, with its black-silk sack to encase long braids, and the shorter bob wig, with neat rows of curls about the sides of the head, remain popular. But the wigless look, once associated with fashion iconoclasts like Benjamin Franklin, has already been adopted by no less a pace-setter than General Washington.

Look at the Rain Beau

Another specimen of European fadism has recently caught on: a Persian rain and sun shield called the umbrella. Although many still regard it as a frivolous affectation, some physicians recommend it as an aid to ward off vertigoes, epilepsies, sore eyes and fevers, and several stores in Boston have started advertising umbrellas at prices ranging from 36 to 42 shillings.

The rain contraptions are often so heavy and cumbersome that it is hard to see what advantage they offer over the oiled linen cape. Pieces of leather or waxed cotton are tightly stretched over a spokelike array of rattan or whalebone ribs; the ribs are attached by wires and hinges to a central rod so that the covering can be opened out or collapsed at will. It rarely works as planned. The ribs often lose elasticity when wet and crack when dried out.

The fad came to London from Paris, where, as Horace Walpole says, "they walk about the streets in the rain with umbrellas to avoid putting on their hats." So whenever London coachmen see anyone using the device, they are apt to crack their whips and shout, "Frenchman!" Or sometimes, more elaborately, "Rain beau!"

Bristol Springs, Pennsylvania, was developed by Dr. John de Normandie, who first analyzed the waters. He persuaded local authorities to brighten the town and drain some nearby marshes. His pump room is 40 feet long, and the baths can be refilled every five minutes. Philadelphia Physician Benjamin Rush recommends the treatment for "hysteria, palsy, epilepsy, certain stages of the gout, diseases of kidneys or bladder, all female obstructions [and] worms in children." Bristol is a market town on the Delaware River, about 20 miles northeast of Philadelphia, and the New York-Philadelphia stage (30 shillings) passes through daily except Sundays. Accommodations are available in townspeople's homes.

Augusta County Hot Springs, Virginia, produces bubbling waters (112° Fahrenheit) that can be used to treat rheumatism. Says one visitor: "It smells and tastes strongly like the washings of a foul gun." Located in inaccessible mountains near the sources of the James River, the springs could once be reached only by an Indian trail, but the authorities recently raised £900 by a lottery and cleared a coach road to nearby Jennings Gap.

But it is the Warm Springs in Virginia's Berkeley County that draw the

most notable visitors (500 to 600 at once). General Washington has gone there to seek relief from rheumatic fever. Washington originally surveyed this area when it belonged to Lord Fairfax, who later donated the springs to the province "so that these healing waters might be forever free to the publick, for the welfare of suffering humanity." Next fall, however, the Virginia legislature is expected to establish a town of Bath at Warm Springs and to sell off 50 acres in building lots to anyone who wants to build houses "for infirm persons."

These lots will be valuable, for the town is filled to overflowing every summer. The public amusements during what is known as the "genteel season" include horse racing, theatricals and dances (at which, says a recent visitor, "one or two blacks supply the company with woful horn-pipes and jigs").

As for the Reverend Mr. Fithian, he recalls that the serenaders "were hearty" and one of them later was accused of "breaking, and in the warmth of his heart . . . entering the lodging room of buxom Kate [not further identified]." Fithian attributes this assault to "a plentiful use of these vigor-giving waters." As a result, the young man "was urged, he was compelled, by the irresistible call of renewed nature."



... INCLUDE FOPPISH MEN TOO
Simpler things ahead?

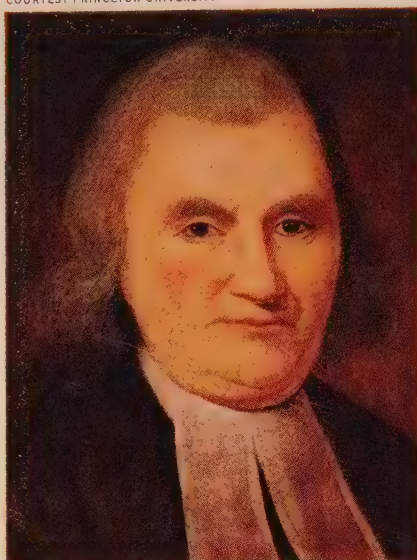
Books or Bullets?

The rising bell still rings at 5 every morning, and the daily routine of prayer, recitation and study continues uninterrupted. But as news of the Continental Congress trickles in from Philadelphia, the scholarly discipline of the 150 young men at the College of New Jersey in Princeton increasingly gives way to patriotic enthusiasm.

A ceremonial reading of the Declaration of Independence this week was accompanied by a triple volley of musketry and ended with a loud chorus of student cheers. All three stories of Nassau Hall were grandly illuminated for the occasion, with tallow dips in every window casting a glow that could be seen for miles around. The students' pride in the occasion was undoubtedly enhanced by the knowledge that their own president, the Reverend John Witherspoon, took part in the congressional deliberations last week. He forcefully told wavering delegates that the country is, in his words, "not only ripe for the measure [independence] but in danger of becoming rotten for the want of it."

A native Scotsman who came to this country in 1768—despite his wife's fear that America "would be as a sentence of death to her"—Witherspoon might have been expected to cast his sympathies with the mother country. But from the day he first stepped ashore in Philadelphia, he has been an outspoken admirer of things American—particularly of the invigorating climate, the high standard of living available even to small farmers and laborers, and the freedom to travel without molestation by highwaymen and beggars. Presbyterian church policy discourages ministers from participating in politics, however, so despite his immediate enthusiasm for the Colo-

COURTESY PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



THE REV. WITHERSPOON, BY PEALE
"Ripe for the measure."

nies, he did not become actively involved in the dispute with England until 1774.

By deciding to join rather than oppose the tide of revolution, Dr. Witherspoon spared the College of New Jersey from the chaos that has recently enveloped campuses with less enlightened administrators. King's College in New York is still splitting its president's salary between two men—the president pro tempore, the Reverend Benjamin Moore, and the president *de jure*, the Reverend Myles Cooper. An ardent Loyalist, Cooper has been residing in England since he escaped from an angry mob of Patriots last year by climbing over the college fence and fleeing half-dressed to the Hudson's River bank, where he hid until taken aboard a British man-of-war.

Dartmouth College was similarly

embroiled last winter when its president, the Reverend Eleazar Wheelock, was charged with speaking disrespectfully of the Congress and Colonies. After a thorough investigation, however, the Hanover and Lebanon Committees of Safety not only cleared Wheelock of the charges but praised him for his efforts to convert the neighboring Indians to the cause of the Colonies.

Aside from his patriotism, Dr. Witherspoon has proved himself an outstanding educator. During his eight years in Princeton, both college enrollment and endowment have steadily increased. In April 1769, the college was on the verge of bankruptcy, with total assets of only £2,535. Knowing that his reputation as one of Scotland's leading theologians would make him welcome in Presbyterian congregations throughout the Colonies, the indefatigable Dr. Witherspoon began traversing the country to raise funds.* He preached in pulpits from Williamsburg to Boston, always stressing the needs of the college.

So effective were his appeals that by September 1770, the college owned bonds and securities totaling £5,115. When added to the income from student fees (£23, 13 shillings for room, board, tuition, firewood, candles and sundries), the interest from the endowment is now enough to meet operating expenses. Under Witherspoon, combined enrollment in the college and

*Each of the nine colonial colleges admits students regardless of creed, but with the exception of the College of Philadelphia, all have strong sectarian affiliations and consider the training of ministers to be one of their primary goals. The College of New Jersey was founded in 1746 by Presbyterians who wanted to provide an alternative to the Congregational emphasis of Harvard and Yale and the Anglicanism of the College of William and Mary.

STUDENTS CELEBRATED INDEPENDENCE IN NASSAU HALL AT COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY IN PRINCETON

COURTESY PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



grammar school has risen from about 100 students in 1768 to 150 today.

The quality of education offered by the college has also greatly improved. To the traditional curriculum of Latin, Greek, theology, mathematics and natural and moral philosophy, Witherspoon has added studies in history, geography and the French and English languages. Bringing several hundred books of his own from Scotland, he has increased the college library to some 2,000 volumes. He has also enlarged the college's stock of scientific apparatus, most notably by persuading the celebrated astronomer David Rittenhouse to sell the college his famous orrery for £417. Ever since the orrery was installed in Nassau Hall in 1771, students have gathered to observe the movements of the planets, represented by small brass and ivory balls, as they rotate about the gilded sun.

The eight-year period of steady growth that the College of New Jersey has enjoyed under Witherspoon's direction may, however, be nearing an end. Several of the Colonies' nine colleges have already been seriously disrupted by the war. King's College has been closed since April, when the Committee of Safety ordered the trustees to prepare the college building for use as a military hospital. Yale College remains open, but may have to close before winter if shortages of food and firewood develop as expected. Because of a tight budget due to the war, the Connecticut General Assembly has refused to grant the college its usual funds.

When the students of Harvard College returned to Cambridge last month after more than a year's forced exile in Concord, they found that the Yard had been significantly altered during the American soldiers' occupation. Most of the brass doorknobs and locks as well as much of the interior woodwork had disappeared from the older buildings, and almost half a ton of lead had been removed from the roof of Harvard Hall to mold bullets.

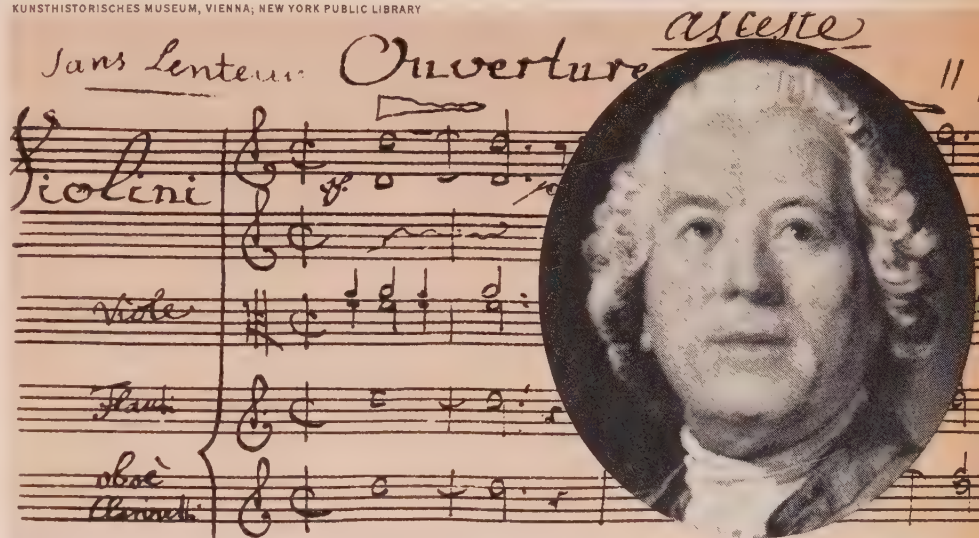
The greatest transformation of college life is likely to come from the students themselves. Until recently, it often seemed that college boys preferred to behave more like wanton children than responsible young adults. College of New Jersey Alumnus Philip Fithian (class of '72) recalls how they formed a club "for inventing and practising several new kinds of mischief—parading bad women, darting sun-beams upon the town-people, reconnoitering houses in town, ogling women with the telescope." Today the students are disciplining themselves to meet the burdens of war. Units of student militia have been formed at Yale, King's, William and Mary and at the College of New Jersey. For many of the young men who heard the Declaration read at this week's ceremony in Princeton, the sound of musketry may soon be considerably more than a sound of celebration.

Chastity Triumphant

The cheers that are sweeping the Paris Opera mark the triumph of this spring's new sensation: Christoph Willibald Gluck's *Alceste*. They mark the triumph too of the "reformers" who are determined to abolish the exaggerated trills and cadenzas of the Italian stage. Writes Britain's Charles Burney, author of the erudite new *General History of Music*: "The chevalier Gluck is simplifying music . . . He tries all he can to keep his music chaste." Retorts popular Librettist Pietro Metastasio: Gluck is a composer of "surprising fire, but mad."

When Gluck's opera was originally published in Vienna in 1769, he wrote a preface outlining his plan to overcome "the mistaken vanity of singers." His alternative: "I have striven to restrict

KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA; NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK & OVERTURE TO HIS SUCCESSFUL OPERA *ALCESTE*
He wants "heartfelt language" and no "superfluity of ornaments."

music to its true office of serving poetry by means of expression and by following the situations of the story, without interrupting the action or stifling it with a useless superfluity of ornaments." Although Italian prima donnas pay little attention to their words, Gluck heaped praises on the "heartfelt language" of his librettist, Ranieri Calzabigi, who also collaborated on Gluck's first big success, *Orfeo ed Euridice* (1762).

While Gluck lived in Vienna, his music pupils included the Habsburg princesses, so when one of them became Queen Marie Antoinette two years ago, Gluck began planning to restage his operas in Paris. Although the pro-Italian faction there is strong (once headed by philosopher and sometime Composer Jean-Jacques Rousseau), Gluck determined to make his opera even more starkly dramatic than before. The revised libretto stays

closer to Euripides' original, restores Hercules as the hero who saves King Admetus and Queen Alcestis from death. Gluck has tightened many scenes and rescored his recitatives for full orchestra. At 62, with 44 operas completed, he stands today as a master.

Across the Rhine, Gluck's triumph is likely to spread far, for opera is becoming increasingly fashionable. At Esterházy, for example, where Franz Josef Haydn serves as *Kapellmeister* to Prince Nicolaus the Magnificent, the composer has been asked to stop writing chamber music for the prince to play on his baryton viol and to drill his 22-man orchestra in opera. Among those who heard Haydn was Archduke Ferdinand, who commissioned him to compose an opera, *La Vera Costanza*, to be staged in Vienna later this year.

As for Librettist Calzabigi, he has

provided a text for a youth who once was one of Austria's most promising child prodigies, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Their work, *La Finta Giardiniera*, was staged in Munich last year, and Mozart hopes to find sponsors for further productions. Mozart has been performing publicly on the harpsichord and violin since the age of six, but his remarkable gift seems to be turning mainly toward composition. Still only 20, he has already written ten Masses for his employer, the Archbishop of Salzburg, as well as a prodigious total of seven other operas, 18 violin sonatas, five violin concertos and 37 symphonies.

Despite his productivity, Mozart does not have much official support. Emperor Joseph II, commenting on Haydn's love of thick orchestration in his operas, said to another composer who had not heard them: "You haven't missed anything. He's just as bad as Mozart in that respect."

THE SEXES

Remember the Ladies

In listing the causes that impelled the Colonies to declare independence last week, the Continental Congress charged King George III with inciting "domestic insurrections amongst us." It meant Britain's encouragement of Indian attacks upon colonists, but Massachusetts Delegate John Adams says that "another tribe more numerous and powerfull than all the rest were grown discontented." The warning in fact came from his spirited wife Abigail, who recently surprised her husband by addressing him in terms less than dutiful: "In the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favourable to them than your ancestors. If particular care and attention is not paid [us], we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice."

A basic reform of the common-law system—which regards married women as legal nonentities with virtually no property rights—is not likely to come from John Adams, however. He responded to his mutinous wife's "saucy" request with characteristic firmness: "As to your extraordinary code of laws, I cannot but laugh." The delegates, he added, "know better than to repeal our masculine systems" and would fight the "despotism of the petticoat."

By excluding women from direct

representation in government, the Congress may be safeguarding the last bastion of exclusively male control in the Colonies. Partly because of widespread labor shortages, American women have by now made inroads into virtually every occupation. A survey of local newspapers reveals advertisements by women blacksmiths, gunsmiths, shoemakers, shipwrights, tinworkers, barbers and butchers. The *Virginia Gazette* recently carried a notice of an arrest of a runaway slave signed by "Mary Lindsey, gaoler" of Henrico County.

Women's presence in the newspapers is not restricted to the advertisements. At least ten American newspapers have been published by women. From 1767 until her death last year at age 55, Anne Catherine Green, widow of Printer Jonas Green, by whom she bore 14 children, served as printer to the province of Maryland and publisher of its first newspaper, the *Maryland Gazette*. The province's second newspaper, the *Maryland Journal*, is also published by a woman: Mary Katherine Goddard. In addition to her editorial work, the indefatigable Miss Goddard, 38, manages Baltimore's busiest printing firm, owns a bookstore, and became city postmaster last year. In her career, Miss Goddard is following the example of her mother, Sarah Updike Goddard, former publisher of the *Providence Gazette*.

Publishing is by no means the only field in which American women have made significant contributions. Agriculture, for example, has profited immensely by women's innovations. Elinor Laurens of Ansonborough, South Carolina, became the first colonist to cultivate a wide variety of exotic fruits and vegetables—including olives, capers, limes, ginger, guinea grass and Alpine strawberries. The most exceptional female planter, however, is Mrs. Eliza Lucas Pinckney, 53, also of South Carolina. When only a girl, managing her absent father's large plantation with what one friend called "a fertile brain for scheming," Eliza decided to start cultivating West Indian indigo. At first she suffered setbacks from frost and insect blight, but within seven years, she was able to produce an indigo dye of sufficient quality to export to England. Thanks to Eliza's pioneering, indigo was one of the southern colonies' greatest exports last year. South Carolina alone produced a crop worth about £260,000.

Even the ministry, perhaps the most steadfastly male profession in the Colonies, has felt the impact of women. In most denominations, women's place is still in the pew rather than the pulpit, but there are a few notable exceptions. The most remarkable is Mother Ann Lee. "Ann the Word," as she is called,



PUBLISHER MARY GODDARD
In her mother's steps.

left England with a small band of followers in 1774 and is now establishing a religious community at Nistegaone, New York. The American Shakers—so named because of the tumultuous singing, dancing, shaking and shouting at their services—regard Mother Ann, who reportedly can be inspired to speak in as many as 72 tongues, as the female manifestation of God.

As long as the war continues to aggravate an already acute labor shortage, women will undoubtedly work in an increasingly broad range of occupations, but there are signs that this trend may eventually be reversed. The growing demand for closer regulation of the medical profession, particularly the new emphasis upon credentials from training schools, attended only by men, has already begun to reduce the practice of female doctors and midwives. In England, where guild pressure to regulate the crafts has been strong for over a century, almost no skilled trades remain open to women.

Perhaps the greatest danger to working women, however, is the new cult of sensibility, the maudlin literary fashion that American magazines have recently imported from England. The *Royal American Magazine* has repeatedly warned women of the dangers they court by taxing their brains with too much learning. Similarly, a sentimentalist writing for the *Pennsylvania Magazine* advises women not to be too active, too witty or too cheerful. Praise is reserved for the young lady whose "gentle bosom burns, / Like lamps plac'd near sepulchral urns, / Or like the glow-worm in the night, / It gleams with melancholy light." Although John Adams is not an avowed adherent of this ethic, its influence is apparent in his recent explanation of why women should be denied the vote: "Their delicacy renders them unfit for practice and experience in the great businesses of life."



REBELLIOUS ABIGAIL ADAMS
"Be more generous."



The Future of the Experiment

The Declaration of American Independence is both an end and a beginning. For the Colonists there is now only one road to be followed, with many dangers at every turning. For King George III, who predicted last week's action last year—and who has labored, in his own perverse, indefatigable way to bring it about—the course is equally clear. "The die is now cast," he has rightly said. "The Colonies must either submit or triumph."

Which will it be? The British armada now invading New York must fill even the redoubtable General Washington with foreboding. If the Howe brothers succeed in driving Washington out of New York, they can probably seize the whole Hudson Valley and cut America in half. Will Americans then have the courage and stamina to fight on? Yet even an American triumph, as miraculous as it now seems to many skeptics, will bring new problems. America can survive without its American Colonies, but the outcome for America, despite its vast riches and its ingenious people, is by no means clear.

To begin with, there is the obstacle of space itself. The distance from New Hampshire to Georgia is 1,300 miles—approximately the distance from London to St. Petersburg—and a message can go from Boston to London just about as fast as it can from Boston to Savannah. Few western rulers since the Roman emperors have ever been able to keep together such a vast territory for very long. The new states are separated, moreover, not only by miles but also by religion, customs, habits and temperaments. Because of such differences, some Loyalists to the Crown are already raising the specter of civil war—or wars—if the British presence is removed.

Adding to the fear of anarchy is the fact that there are some Americans who oppose all central governments, even their own, and who view the Declaration of Independence as a declaration not against Britain alone but against all large governments. Unity, for them, is a means and not an end. There should be a clear warning to Americans in the failure of Benjamin Franklin's plan for a colonial union against the French just before the French and Indian War. "Everyone cries a union is absolutely necessary," he complained, "but when it comes to the manner and form of the union, their weak noodles are perfectly distracted."

Aside from all the military, political and economic problems, Americans must ask an equally important question: Is independence really justified? Are the principles, the view of man, underlying last week's Declaration valid, and can a commonwealth based on them endure? Even now, many Americans are probably more committed to the principle of governmental legitimacy than most Europeans are. While the Americans' experience in a strange and unspoiled new world has liberated them from many outworn European ideas, it has at the same time made them cling for protection to basic European concepts of government and the rule of law.

Through most of history, the king has been thought to be an essential link in God's ordering of the universe, not necessarily divine himself but part of a divine system. Strongly influenced

by modern European scientists and philosophers, as well as their own inherent practicality, Americans accept the divine system, but they believe that the ruling force in that divine chain is not a single man called king but man's own reason, as expressed through the will of the people. Whereas their ancestors of 100 or 150 years ago mistrusted man's rationality and relied instead on the revelations of the Scriptures, modern American leaders believe that reason, at its best, is the voice of truth and God made manifest. Far from destroying legitimate government in the current Revolt, the authors of the Declaration believe that they are restoring it, returning to Americans the rights guaranteed them under the British Constitution, that "mirror of liberty" as Montesquieu has called it. "God himself does not govern in an absolutely arbitrary and despotic manner," said the late Boston divine Jonathan Mayhew.

This trust in reason is an audacious concept, and never before has a people deliberately set out to establish its political life on a principle so pure. Some argue that it is too pure a principle for fallible men. George III may be wrongheaded, they acknowledge, but the British monarchy is all that stands between the Americans and discord, disunity, and that brutish world of brutish men that the English philosopher Thomas Hobbes envisioned more than a century ago. These skeptics dismiss as naive optimism the arguments of the French philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau that

natural man is good and is corrupted only by society. Nor, they go on, is equality, as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, a feasible goal for any people. Man may be created equal, even as the Declaration avers, but he soon creates his own inequalities as he strives for power. In a state of absolute liberty, the strong man will always be more equal than the weak man. By curbing liberties, a monarch, ironically, may be expanding equality, protecting the weak against the strong and ensuring that both have their time in the sun. Perhaps the greatest peril to the future of the American experiment is that contending groups, properly encouraged to strive for their self-interest, will do so with such heedless vehemence that the needs of society as a whole will be forgotten.

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So far in man's still uncompleted story, those who distrust reason have had the better of the argument. Given total liberty, men seem too often to steer toward the state of savagery as if that were their true, natural home. There is also the possibility that reason in time will lose the religious and moral grounding it has today and turn into a mere mechanical instrument, unable to guide man through his most difficult problems. The Americans, however, may yet write a new, brighter chapter to man's story. While trusting in reason as no other men in government have before them, the representatives to Congress seem determined to hedge that trust by creating a government or governments that check one man's reason against the reason of his fellows—and to check both against the law, the collective wisdom of generations. Is independence justified? And will it work? The delegates in Philadelphia, and most of their fellow citizens, would answer yes—if man is indeed the rational, moral creature, capable of self-control for the greater good, that the Americans of 1776 believe him to be.



AN APPEAL TO HEAVEN



GREAT UNION FLAG (CENTER OF PAGE) AND OTHER AMERICAN BANNERS: MOULTRIE'S FLAG AT FORT SULLIVAN, PERSONAL FLAG OF COMMODORE ESEK HOPKINS, FLAG USED BY WASHINGTON'S FLEET, BUNKER HILL FLAG, A MASSACHUSETTS FLAG



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Regular: 16 mg.*tar,*1.0 mg. nicotine—Menthol:
15 mg.*tar,*1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct.'74



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VEGA ESTATE

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Many families like the idea of an economy car but find they need more room.

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Economy you can grow with.

You get a choice of two models, basic Vega or Vega Estate.

Both offer seating for four with comfortable highback buckets in front, a 3-speed manual transmission (4-speed manual and automatic available) and cut-pile carpeting.

In addition to the standard interior there are three others available, including a Custom cloth and vinyl choice.

Vega Estate has simulated wood paneling down the sides and on the liftgate, and comfortable touches inside.



The rear liftgate opens on 50 cubic feet of load space with the second seat folded flat.

To the basic Vega or Vega Estate you can add an available GT package with sport suspension; the 2-barrel, 4-cylinder engine; special instrumentation; special 13 x 6 GT wheels with trim rings, and other sporty accents.

Based on EPA figures, no U.S. wagon gets better mileage.

Figures published in the EPA Buyers' Guide for a Vega wagon with an available 4-cylinder, 140-cubic-inch, 2-barrel engine are 21 mpg city test, 29 mpg highway test. No American-made wagon tested got better mileage.

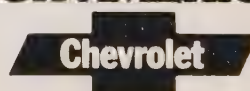
Maintenance savings of about \$240.

Comparing the 1975 Vega wagon and the '74 model projected over four years of average driving (50,000 miles) points out some operating economies.

While parts and labor costs will vary throughout the country, we've used current list prices for parts and a figure of \$11 an hour for labor and found that a '75 Vega wagon using unleaded fuel could save about \$240 in parts, lubricants and labor over the '74 model using leaded fuel (if you follow the Owner's Manual for recommended service).

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